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TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS AT PORTSMOUTH: DAMAGE DONE TO THE PORT SIDE OF H.M.S. RESISTANCE.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

London is, happily, well out of the wood of the Ninth of November; I say happily, for the merest mischance last Tuesday might have plunged the metropolis in confusion bordering upon anarchy. "Be well aware," quoth the "Ladie milde" in the "Faerie Queene"—

Least suddale mischiefe ye too rash provoke
The danger hidde, the place unknowne and wilde
Breedes dreadful doubts; oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without shrow.

The authorities could afford to snub the Social Democrats and prohibit their holding a public meeting in Trafalgar-square on Lord Mayor's Day (they met there and "orated," nevertheless); but they could not afford to ignore the "danger hidde," the smokeless fire that might burst forth at any moment. They were bound to bear in mind the possible contingency of London being raided and sacked by hordes of the rough and criminal classes, who know nothing about Socialism, who know nothing about Democracy, who know nothing about Federation; but who are unanimously, although unconsciously, of the same mind with Field-Marshal Suvarof as to booty being "a holy thing."

I am old enough to have been a special constable enrolled for the maintenance of law and order on the 10th of April, 1848; and the rendezvous given me when I was sworn in at Marlborough-street Police Court was St. James's-churchyard, Piccadilly. Among the "specials" in that same churchyard I remember Mr. Benjamin Lumley, the then lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, at the head of his stalwart carpenters and scene-shifters; the Earl of Chesterfield, and Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

On that memorable 10th not a soldier was to be seen in the streets. But the great Duke of Wellington had, with surprising secrecy and celerity, mobilised a compact little army of 22,000 men, horse, foot, and artillery, for the defence of London from the attacks of possible bandits and possible traitors. The troops were judiciously hidden away in prison-yards, in livery stables, in the courts of the Bank of England, and in the basement of Somerset House. The only visible signs of preparedness was at the Bank, the roof of the attic story of which was protected by sandbags.

Doubtless, there was an adequate military force under arms on Tuesday, ready to march out at a moment's notice if the rabble showed any disposition in the direction of riot or rapine. Still, the 9th of November, 1886, differed in one respect very materially from the 10th of April, 1848. On Tuesday, the military did show in the streets. Detachments of the 1st Life Guards, some two hundred and fifty in number, were brought from Windsor, and another contingent of cavalry came up from Aldershot. The Life Guards were seen in force in Whitehall, in Northumberland-avenue, in Trafalgar-square, and at the Royal Exchange.

Mem. : I do not think that the Life Guards had been "out," in view of a possible tumult, since 1820—the occasion of the funeral of the ill-fated Queen Caroline. Unfortunately, there was a riot; and the Household Cavalry had to use their carbines and sabres pretty freely. I remember meeting, some years since, in Madrid, an old English gentleman—I hope that he is still in the land of the living—who used to tell us that, being among the crowd in Hyde Park on the day of Queen Caroline's funeral, he got a slight sabre-cut on the face from a passing officer of the Life Guards, who subsequently turned out to be Lieutenant Gore, the husband of Mrs. Gore, the novelist.

Swift once wrote a tractate on the "Art of Political Lying," which, of course, has long since been translated into all the Continental languages, for diplomatic and journalistic use. I wonder whether it was Peter the Great, or Catherine the Second, or Nicholas I., who decreed that a Muscovite version of the Dean's pamphlet should be prepared. At any rate, the "Art of Political Lying" seems to be practised with tolerable briskness by the Russian press, aent events at Sofia. According to the Cossack organs, "Russia unfortunately has had the bad habit of never resorting to bribes; whereas agents of other Powers in Bulgaria, especially those of England, freely buy up everybody they can." The veracious Ruski asserts that three hundred francs were distributed in one evening, in a public garden at Sofia, "by ladies from the British Consulate." Then it is asserted that the English Consul, Captain Jones, advises and confers with the Regents all day long; and that Mr. Greaves, our Vice-Consul, "is seen exciting crowds of Bulgarian youths against Russia."

I confess that I should dearly have liked to behold Mr. Vice-Consul Greaves in the act of exciting the Bulgarian youths against Russia. What was his attitude? That, I should guess, of the old penny plain and twopence coloured "characters" published by Mr. Park. You remember them. Rolla, in "Pizarro," "Paul Jones," "Blackbeard, the Pirate," "Claude Duval," and the "Red Rover." How was Mr. Greaves dressed? In a slouched hat, a slashed doublet, a leather belt with a monstrous buckle, a short kilted skirt, red tights, and buff boots; a cutlass at his girdle; a dark lantern in one hand, and a horse-pistol in the other!

An equally droll canard is the statement that the "friends of Russia" are systematically knouted by the Bulgarian gendarmerie. They are scourged till their noses bleed; and with what a knout! Imagine a whip the thongs of which are made of pigs' entrails filled with sand, and neatly finished off with leaden bullets. Why, this must be a worse instrument of torture than the *horribile flagellum* and the *flagrum talis tessalatum*, the tails of the last of which were only terminated by sheep's knuckle-bones. To be sure there were a great many of them. But there is nothing new under the sun. This possibly "bogus" Bulgarian knout seems only a survival of the Roman schoolmaster's scourge; a portrayal of which is extant in a picture discovered at Herculaneum, representing the punishment named *catamidio*. "Plagosus

Orbillus" used a martinet composed of tails of dried eel-skin. Whether they were entire skins, and filled with sand, I know not.

An "Enquirer" (Reading) is anxious to know whether it be a fact, as he was told by some Russians whom he met abroad, that railway stations are known in Russia as "Vauxhalls." I can only tell my "Enquirer" that the proper Russian for a railway station is "Stantsia." Whether railway stations be colloquially or humorously called "Vauxhalls" I am unable to say. The only Russian Vauxhall that I was acquainted with was at Helsingfors, in 1857; but it was a public pleasure-garden, after the defunct and delightful Lambeth pattern.

In re Tusser, and old books on huswifry, "J. T." mentions that he possesses a handsome old volume, of over seven hundred pages, entitled "The Garden of Health," "conteyning the Sundrie Rare and Hidden Vertues of all Kindes of Simples and Plantes: by William Langham, Practitioner in Phisike. Imprinted at London, 1597." It is in black letter. Do any of my book-worm correspondents know aught about "The Garden of Health"? Is it rare; or, being rare, is it valuable?

"The Garden of Health" has clearly an intimate connection with the gardeners thereof; thus I may be allowed to draw attention to the appearance of a second edition of Mr. G. T. Bettany's delightful "Eminent Doctors: their Lives and their Works." Yes, it is delightful to read of the positive *good* done by the doctors of the past and the present. The end of all learning and all inquiry, saith Francis of Verulam, is "fruit"; and the tree of medical science has been a gloriously fruit-bearing one. Every year something is discovered, revived, adapted, developed, for the diminution of the dreadful sum of human pain. "No day without a line," wrote the good Roman Emperor. Few doctors go to bed without having, during the twenty-four hours just elapsed, made some poor suffering wretch less miserable than he was before; and that is why I like to read the lives of doctors, and learn the noble use which most of them have made of the fortunes which they have acquired by their learning and their skill.

Mem. : I notice in the capitally-written chapter devoted to Doctor Linacre, the first President of the College of Physicians, that in his will he bequeathed beds, respectively, to his nieces Alice and Margaret. Alice had the "second best bed." To William Dancaster, a priest who witnessed the will, the worthy doctor left a feather bed and two Irish blankets. Where were the Irish blankets manufactured?

Mem. II. : In the account of Dr. Caius or Keys, mention is made of that learned leech's book on "English Dogges," which Mr. Bettany states was reprinted in a very neat form in 1880. I have never seen the contemporary English edition; but I have the first edition of Dr. Caius's dog book in Latin. A queer, ragged, powerfully-smelling little tome when I bought it. It cost me ten shillings in a shop in Red Lion-passage, Holborn, I think, years ago. It cost me also fifty shillings to bind; and my little volume must take its chance of finding a sympathetic buyer when my books are brought to the hammer.

A reverend gentleman, "A. A. B." (Isle of Mann), asks me to give my authority for a recent remark in the Echoes that there is no King of Greece, but a *Basilicus tōn Hellénōn*—a King of the Hellenes. He adds that, in 1840, he was at Cavallo, in Macedonia, and there he saw for the first time Greek money, in the shape of a drachma with the inscription on the obverse *Othōn, Basilicus tēs Hellados*—Otho, King of Greece. That is quite feasible; but I spoke of 1886, and not of 1840. The Bavarian Otho *ho shouphas*, as his subjects used to call him, may have been King of Greece. King George is assuredly King of the Hellenes. I have not a drachma by me—drachmas are scarce in this house, owing to the London School Board, the high prices of butter and eggs, and the incessant demands of the plumber; but some of my readers may possess Hellenic drachmas, or, at least, leptas. Let them look at their Greek coins and verify (as I hope they will) my assertion.

Mem. : Why does my reverend correspondent spell Isle of Man with two n's? The topographers tell us that the Isle was called by Ptolemy *Monœda*, or the Farther Mona—in contradistinction to the Isle of Anglesea, which was also known as Mona; but Pliny called it *Monapia*, and Bede, *Menavia Secunda*, again to distinguish it from Anglesea, which he styled *Menavia Prima*.

Mem. II. : I would ask the Heralds to tell me how it came about that the three 'recalcitrant human legs joined together with the motto, "Quocunque jaces, stabit," came to be adopted as the arms of the Isle of Man; only your Herald usually declines to give heraldic information, save when he is "sitting" at the College of Arms; and when he "sits," he expects to be paid for what he says. Heralds, in society, are the most reticent of mankind—at least about heraldry. I am inquisitive about the Three Legs of Man, since the cognisance is not an uncommon one on the shields of the heroes depicted on ancient Greek vases.

I went on Wednesday, Nov. 3, to one of the most curious, most interesting, and the most ancient of London dinners: that given on "Grand Day" by the Treasurers and Masters of the Bench of the Middle Temple, in their fine old hall. I would say "Grand Old Hall," only I have just received a circular stating the price per ton of "Grand Old Coals." This is not the first time that I have enjoyed the hospitality of this particular Inn of Court; but be not afeared: no gossip about the grandees, legal and otherwise, who were present in hall, and who, after the banquet, made eloquent speeches in the Parliament Chamber, shall appear in the "Echoes."

Some of these days, perchance, I may (D.V.) attempt a book describing the remarkable dinners of which I have partaken all over the world during a period of more than forty years.

Take a dozen as a sample: The diligence dinner at Abbeville, 1839; the daily guard dinner at St. James's Palace; the ditto, ditto, at the Bank of England, the Tower of London, and the Horse Guards; the horse-flesh dinner at Delmonico's, New York; the Lotus Club in the same city; and the Bohemian Club, San Francisco; a Bouillabaisse dinner at the Réserve, Marsailles; Spanish, Italian, Dutch, German, Russian, Polish, Algerian, Australian, New Zealand, Mexican dinners. But, hold! I have exceeded my sample dozen already. Give me time, and I think that I could delineate pictures of at least a hundred and fifty distinct and different dinners, to say nothing of the types of human character whom I have met therat.

I only drew attention to "Grand Day" at the Middle Temple because then and there I had the pleasure to meet a gentleman learned in the law, who told me that my ears must have deceived me when I thought that I had heard the President of the Kentish Mess at Clifford's Inn say, when he thwacked the triad of loaves on the table, "I drink to the Rolls." He must, my informant observed, have said, "I drink to the Rules"; Clifford's Inn being governed by a Principal and Rules, just as Barnard's Inn is, or was, governed by a Principal and Ancients. That which was told me at the Temple, is confirmed by a pleasant letter which I have received from "E. J. T."

About the time that Thomas Hood was writing the "Song of the Shirt" Thomas Carlyle vehemently denied that there were any distressed needlewomen in London. He had made diligent inquiry for such persons, the philosopher of Chelsea asserted, and could find none. Whether Mr. Carlyle was right or wrong in his contention, I do not undertake to determine; but I know that there are a great many distressed needlewomen in the metropolis now; and I am afraid that if the coming winter prove a severe one, there will be many more wretchedly poor sempstress in want of bread. To avert, in some measure, the aggravated misery which may afflict (the beneficent aid of the sewing-machine notwithstanding) a class of women who are normally poverty stricken, there has been established, so I read in a letter in the *Times*, a Ladies' Thimble League.

A Thimble League. "Why, cert'nly," as Mr. Coghlan used to remark in Mr. Burnand's comedy of "The Colonel." The promoters of the Thimble League provide resident needlewomen out of work with material to work up at their own homes. The work is valued when done, and fair wages are paid for it. The articles made are then sold at a price which as nearly as possible covers expenses, either locally, or, if that be impossible, at the central dépôt of the League. But the needlewomen who are to be provided with material to work up must be "resident," and in each case "recommended by responsible persons with local knowledge." How about the needlewomen who have no homes, because they have been turned out of their garrets through lack of means to pay the rent; and who have nobody and nothing to "recommend" them beyond their own gaunt, famished faces, and the "unwomanly rags" in which they are clad?

Meanwhile, with the very best wishes for the prosperity of the Thimble League, to which I shall be glad to contribute my mite, if the secretary will tell me where to send it, I am still sorry to say that I have a lady friend who on the sempstress question is a confirmed cynic, and who is wholly of the opinion of Thomas Carlyle in the matter of distressed needlewomen. She writes:—

If I want a needlewoman, I start by advertising for one in the newspaper. I get very few answers. After great difficulty, I find an apparently suitable sempstress. She requires as her wage two-and-a-halfpence a day, plus breakfast, a luncheon of bread and cheese and a glass of beer at 11.30 a.m.; a good dinner and more beer at 1.30; tea, with a "relish," at 5 p.m., and a supper of meat and bread and beer (if she can get it) at 8 p.m. She does not hurry with her work, and is only tolerably efficient in performing it. Besides these expenses, she is constantly in want of machine needles, oil, &c. I need scarcely say that I venture to differ from the esteemed writer of the above. She lives at the West-End, and pays West-End prices for the needlework she wants done. She does not know the East-End. She has seen nothing of the indigence, anguish, the horrors which environ the existence—I can hardly say the lives—of the deplorable creatures who are the slaves of the slop-dealers, who often do not earn enough in a week to keep body and soul together, and who are often forced to supplement their inadequate pittance by means which I dare not describe in this page. So good luck to the Ladies' Thimble League!

"W. B. D." (Tottenham) is afraid that "my late trip abroad" (my trip abroad, forsooth! I have been tripping abroad for five-and-thirty years), has somewhat impaired my memory; otherwise why should I now ask the question as to musicians being able to keep one eye on their music, and the other at the same time on the leader of the orchestra? According to this exceedingly knowing "W. B. D.," I wrote in July, 1861, in the second volume of a magazine called *Temple Bar*, an article entitled "First Fiddles and Top Sawyers," in which I clearly mentioned the musician as having to perform the above-named difficult feat. I did nothing whatever of the kind. I did not write the article in question. I never read it. In July, 1861, I was only the nominal conductor of *Temple Bar*; and I deputed the selection or rejection of most of the papers sent in to my friend and sub-editor, Mr. Edmund Yates.

The following is rich:—

A little argument having arisen respecting the size of the present Shah of Persia, I beg to appeal to you to try and settle the matter. I remember being present at the Crystal Palace on the occasion of his visit to that place, and I had a good opportunity of observing him as he walked down the central transept with H.R.H., who was the taller of the two. I am told it is not so; that he is a fine, tall, good-looking Monarch. Either I never saw him, or he must have grown a piece. Will you kindly answer, through your notes and queries?

I have the pleasure to inform my correspondent that the Shah of Persia is forty-seven cubits high, two kilomètres broad, and fifty feet thick. His feet are as large as fiddle-cases, and his head is of the size of a lump of chalk. I have heard that his walking-stick is as long "as the mast of some tall admirals," and that when he takes a bath his form floats on the water "many a rood." Pshaw!

G. A. S.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, and Co. have brought together at the Goupil Gallery (116, New Bond-street) a very interesting collection of sixty-four water-colour drawings by Gustave Moreau. It is chiefly as a colourist and a "mystic" that this French artist is known to us, but on the present occasion his treatment of Lafontaine's fables will not allow us to apply to him the latter epithet. If in certain instances he seems to be illustrating the "Arabian Nights" rather than French fables, he in others interprets the most *spirituel* and most delicate of French fabulists in an unnecessarily prosaic spirit. It may be that nineteenth century painting is incapable of rendering seventeenth century poetry, and that the sharp cutting satire of the latter finds no exponent in the dreamy colouring of our day. As a rule, Moreau's figures are his weakest point; but in "The Lion in Love" (50) he is exceptionally good. For landscapes, we may point to "The Oyster and Litigants" (63), "The Bear and his Two Companions" (13); and for imaginative power to "The Pigeon and the Vulture" (55) and "The Monkey and the Dolphin" (17). When, however, we turn from Moreau's coloured drawings to the half dozen etchings which M. Bracquemond has executed from them, we see suddenly revealed the artist's power; whilst under the etcher's strong hand the former's occasional feebleness disappears. Taken as a course of "Art and Letters" combined, this exhibition is one of the most interesting now open.

At the Burlington Gallery (27, Old Bond-street) are to be seen upwards of 150 water-colour sketches of Indian life and scenery by Mr. Walter Duncan, giving a far better and more vivid idea of life in "the glorious East" than anything which has yet been exhibited. Mr. Duncan is already favourably known as an exhibitor at the Old Society, and one of his most successful works, "The Benares Bathing Ghât" (94) is included in the present collection. To show the breadth of the artist's sympathies, we need only give the names of some of his most successful works—such as "The Minarets of Aurungzebe at Benares" (107), "The Temple of Durga" (93), and "The Nepalese Palace" (87) in the same city; "The Royal Baths at Delhi" (42), of which the flooring is of Jaipur marble inlaid with mosaic; "A Nautch-Girl" (62), and many others. It is chiefly in his rendering of Eastern architecture that Mr. Duncan shows his full power; but he adds to it a sense of local colour, and a sympathy with street life which cannot fail to give to this exhibition an interest for those who know India and those who would wish to know something about India. In a portfolio there are also some drawings of West Indian scenery, chiefly Trinidad, by a native-born artist, Mr. Cazabon—which display no slight imitative power, although the touch of originality seems wanting. Mr. William Taylor's East Indian reminiscences belong to a period when caricature was ruled over by Phiz and his colleagues.

The thirteenth annual competition of Metropolitan Student Sketch Clubs was held last week at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists. The seven clubs entering this year were the Gilbert (St. Martin's), in addition to the Lambeth, South Kensington, and West London, the Royal Academy Students', St. John's Wood, and Birkbeck. The result was a really good exhibition of work, comprising in all 189 sketches in the flat, and seventeen plastic exhibits. The judges were Mr. Thomas Brock, A.R.A., Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A., and Mr. Charles W. Wyllie, S.B.A. The prizes were: for figure the first prize fell to Miss Alice Woodward, of the South Kensington Club, the second to Mr. F. Mann, of the Gilbert; in landscape Mr. Champion Jones, of the same club, took the first prize, whilst Mr. D. Porter, of the Birkbeck, took the second; for animals Mr. Harland Fisher, of Lambeth, took the first prize, the second being transferred to sculpture; in design Mr. A. C. Weatherstone, of South Kensington, obtained the first prize, the second being awarded to Mr. W. Margetson, of the Royal Academy; for sculpture the first prize was taken by Mr. C. J. Allen, of Lambeth, and the two second prizes were allotted to Mr. A. G. Walker and Mr. W. Stevens, both of the Royal Academy. The coveted distinction of the day, the "award of honour," was given to the South Kensington Club for the best exhibition of sketches.

The exhibition of the works of Copley Fielding, now on view at Messrs. Vokins' (Great Portland-street), is of even greater interest than any of the previous collections of single artist's works brought together in the same gallery. Copley Fielding, the centenary of whose birth might with justice be celebrated next year by the Old Water-Colour Society of which he was president nearly a quarter of a century was essentially the painter of the "hillside." His art, as Mr. Ruskin pointed out, dealt with the brightness and freshness of the Sussex Downs, and of this phase of it there are some delightful specimens in this room, of which "The Downs, West Sussex" (35), seems the earliest, and the "View in Sussex" (51) the latest. The influence of Barret and Varley seems for a long time to have cramped or circumscribed Copley Fielding's efforts, as shown in his works produced between 1830 and 1835. Later he seems to have been attracted by Turner's work, and at times even to have imitated it, as in the composition "Sunset" (53). But it is in the two sea-pieces, "Dover" (43) and "Scarborough" (50), that we realise the full extent of the change which has come over him, and how far behind him Fielding had left the mannerisms of his early guides. It is unnecessary to go into any detailed description of the seventy drawings brought together on this occasion. It is enough to say that they are admirably selected, and will afford as much pleasure to the student as to the amateur.

At the Hanover Gallery, (47, New Bond-street) Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti have just added to their exhibition of pictures "A Lesson in Anatomy," by Enrico Crisp—*a striking specimen of the modern Italian realistic school.*

An important discovery has been made at Rome in what is known as "Sallust's Garden," consisting of an altar decorated with representations of the four seasons under the form of four *Amorini* or Cupids. Spring is carrying in one hand a basket of flowers, half covered by a mantle, and in the other a few flowers. The figure representing Summer holds in its right hand a sickle, and in the other a large poppy, one of the attributes of Ceres. Over the shoulder and breast of Autumn a deerskin is lightly thrown, and in its right hand is a sort of club, whilst the left rests upon a basket of grapes. The figure of Winter is clad in an *interula* or small blouse, in its right is an amphora or wine-jar, whilst the left arm rests upon something not very clearly defined, but possibly intended for a chafing dish, in which the Romans cooked their favourite chestnuts. The quality of the marble, as well as the delicacy of the work, indicate it as belonging to the Graeco-Roman period about the time of Hadrian.

On the occasion of the first exhibition of the picture "Running the Gauntlet," at Messrs. Dickinson's gallery (114, New Bond-street), we referred briefly to the interesting scene which it was intended to recall. The picture has now returned to its original quarters, and deserves a visit from all who take an interest in "British pluck." The sketches from which the

work was composed (for it was not painted under the fire of the Arab batteries), were contributed by sketches made at the time by Captain Walter Ingram, who accompanied Lord Charles Beresford on his venturesome expedition to rescue Sir Charles Wilson and his party, who had been wrecked on their return from Khartoum.

The Committee of Council on Education have placed the theatre at the South Kensington Museum at the disposal of Miss J. E. Harrison, for a course of four lectures on the Myths of Attica, as seen on Greek Vase Paintings. This course, which will form a sequel to those on the Homeric Myths, delivered last autumn at the same place, will be similarly illustrated by the oxy-hydrogen light. The lectures will take place on Wednesday, the 17th inst., and on each succeeding Wednesday, at 5.15 p.m. Full particulars of the course may be obtained from Miss Wilson, 45, Colville-gardens, Bayswater, W.

TORPEDO EXPERIMENTS AT PORTSMOUTH.

A series of experiments with torpedoes against the armoured ship *Resistance*, moored in Fareham Creek, Portsmouth, was concluded on Tuesday, last week. The final attack that afternoon, with a Whitehead torpedo in close contact, effected some injury, as shown in our Illustration. The ship was moored fore and aft in shallow water, while a 16-inch torpedo, charged with 93lb. of gun-cotton, was lashed to a boom and placed longitudinally fore and aft in contact with the port side of the hull amidships. The submersion was about eight feet, which brought the torpedo immediately above the bilge keel; it was not, however, supposed that there would be any overhang or bulge of the ship beyond eighteen inches. The torpedo was exploded in a falling tide. The shock was not greater than in previous experiments, and the quantity of water thrown up not unusual. The ship was thrown slightly to starboard by the force of the explosion, after which she slowly listed to port, but not much. It was supposed that she had touched the bottom, and that she would have sunk had she been moored in deep water; but subsequent investigation proved that she was still afloat, and could have been brought into harbour had it been required. The bilge keel had been shaken off, and broken to the extent of 20 ft., while the plating below was very much indented. Above the bilge keel three or four strakes of the skin plating, extending up to the armour belt, had also been forced inwards where they crossed the longitudinal frames. They had parted in the middle for the length of 8 ft., while some of the butts had been opened so that gashes two and three inches wide appeared at the junction. There were also a few holes in various parts. Internally, the skylights had been smashed, and the contents of the bunkers scattered. The watertight bulkheads remained intact, and, by confining the water to one compartment, sufficed to keep the *Resistance* afloat and capable of fighting her guns. Indeed, there is a general impression from these experiments that the value of the Whitehead has been greatly exaggerated. The torpedo cannot get through the steel protective nets, and when it dashes against them and explodes, the consequence is nil at a distance of 25 ft. The recent test was scarcely a practical one, as the fixity of the missile against the side of the ship did not allow for its rebound before bursting.

SKETCHES IN IRELAND.

In addition to the Sketches by our Special Artist who is observing the scenes at Killarney and elsewhere in Kerry, attendant upon General Sir Redvers Buller's endeavours to put down agrarian outrages, we present some by our Artists and Correspondents in other distressed parts of Ireland. With reference to one of the former, that of "Eviction Notices," the Artist mentions, without excusing the futile show of resistance, that he has witnessed proofs of real destitution among the evicted peasantry; upon one such occasion, he was touched by seeing an aged grandfather walking off, hand in hand with a little girl, at once to the workhouse. At New Ross, in the county of Wexford, a separate "ward" in the workhouse is filled with the families of tenants deprived of their homes and subsistence by eviction for nonpayment of rents which they could not pay. It is right to bear in mind the actual difficulties and extreme poverty of some of the people, not universally, but on the less fertile lands, more especially, indeed, in the West of Ireland; while due indignation is felt at the murderous deeds and lawless practices of intimidation, with so much violence and cruelty, employed to enforce the decrees of the National League. The following is a note from one of our correspondents:—

"There is not in all Ireland a more dismal place than Curraoe, the scene of the recent evictions on the estate of a lady residing at Tuam. Where rent is to be *scratched* for amid these crags, or dug for in these bogs, I cannot tell; but it must have been discovered somewhere, even during the latter years, or most probably these homes, such as they are, would be roofless. The people are huddled away in the wretchedest of cabins, from which the outpouring of a volume of smoke, in most instances, betokens the existence of a door; and the black matted thatch is too often the external evidence of dripping roofs and wet floors within. As for the window, it is, as a rule, a pane of glass not more than a foot square, embedded in thick walls. The furniture consists of a three-legged stool, or a wooden plank supported by two stones; an old soap-box does duty for a table, but the potatoes are usually eaten out of a 'skeigh,' or shallow wicker-basket, placed upon the floor. The bed—except in the case of a 'four-poster,' such as is shown in the sketch—is seldom visible during the day; as, being made on the floor, it is easily rolled up and put away until required. There are no carts or vehicles of any kind here; cattle there are none; and the sheep that shiver behind the rocks (for there is not a bush where shelter can be had) seem unfit to live, and far too lean to be killed. On the shore the toil-worn peasants may be seen gathering the seaweed, to manure the wretched patches of garden. The gross valuation of all these 'stripes,' as they are called here, is £6 12s.; the rent, £12 12s. Any of the children who are fairly clad have obtained clothes from the benevolence of the contributors to the fund presided over by the benevolent Lady Aberdeen some months ago. About forty-three evictions have taken place on this estate; some few of the tenants have been re-admitted as caretakers, but the majority are in the Oughterard workhouse."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frederick Huth celebrated their golden wedding yesterday week, when a large family party assembled at their residence in Kensington Palace-gardens to do honour to the occasion.

In September 20,985 emigrants of British origin left the kingdom, being an increase of 2534 on the number for October, 1885. During the first ten months of the present year the British emigrants numbered 209,304, or nearly 22,000 more than in the corresponding period of 1885. Of this increase nearly 18,000 were English, 3400 were Scotch, and some 800 Irish. The United States received nearly 14,000 of this increase, Canada about 4000, and Australasia 2700.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

Chilly, damp, drizzling, and rather dark, was Tuesday, the Ninth of November, when Lord Mayor Sir Reginald Hanson, with the dignitaries of the City Corporation, went in procession from Guildhall, through Gresham-street East, Princes-street, Cornhill, Bishopsgate-street Within, Hounds-ditch, Aldgate-street, Fenchurch-street, Mincing-lane, Eastcheap, Cannon-street, St. Paul's-churchyard, Ludgate-hill, and Fleet-street, to the Royal Courts of Justice.

The ill-advised pretensions of the "Social Democratic Federation" to lead a mob of the "unemployed" in the rear of the Lord Mayor's procession had been stopped by proclamations of the City and Metropolitan Commissioners of Police. Yet some fears were entertained of an outbreak of London Roughdom—of the gangs of habitual peace-breakers, law-breakers, and occasional window-breakers, who are ready to indulge their love of mischief, with a chance of plunder, when there is any confusion in the principal streets. Many shops in the western part of the route, and on towards Trafalgar-square, were barricaded with strong planks. The two Chiefs of the Police, Sir Charles Warren and Sir James Fraser, provided an unusually strong force, amounting to 8000 constables on foot and 300 mounted constables, to maintain order in London. Military support was at hand—a detachment of the 1st Life Guards from Windsor, and infantry from Aldershot—to aid the police in case of need.

Our Illustrations, happily, represent upon this occasion no scenes of violence, but the novel features of the Lord Mayor's Show, which derived peculiar significance from the symbols alluding to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. The workshops employed in preparing these parts of the pageant had previously been visited by one of our Artists, whose Sketches there will be amusing to some readers. Britannia and the great dependencies of her Empire, India, Canada, Australia, the Cape, and the West Indies, required much artistic ingenuity and workmanlike skill to frame their effigies and emblems for the triumphal cars. Each of these was drawn in the procession by six horses. That of Australasia was appropriate and effective in its way—a group of gold-diggers being seen at work in the centre, the four corners of the vehicle being occupied by the principal products of the colonies—wine, meat, wool, and gold. The car devoted to the West Indies, shared by South Africa, was more appreciated for its novelty, as the car bore a group of British soldiers and sailors, Boers, and Zulus. The feature in the Canadian emblem was a model of the Ice Palace at Montreal; it looked very pretty, and was much applauded. The Indian symbol represented a jungle and tiger hunt, and was followed by two well-drilled elephants, ridden by mahouts. The last of the cars was representative of the British Isles, and was the most successful: a model of Britannia stood in front, proudly grasping her trident, while behind were emblems symbolical of the connection of these islands with seafaring pursuits. The state equipages of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs are to Londoners always objects of interest; and the state coachman was a splendid figure in his new livery, which he seems to be "trying on," in one of our Artist's Sketches.

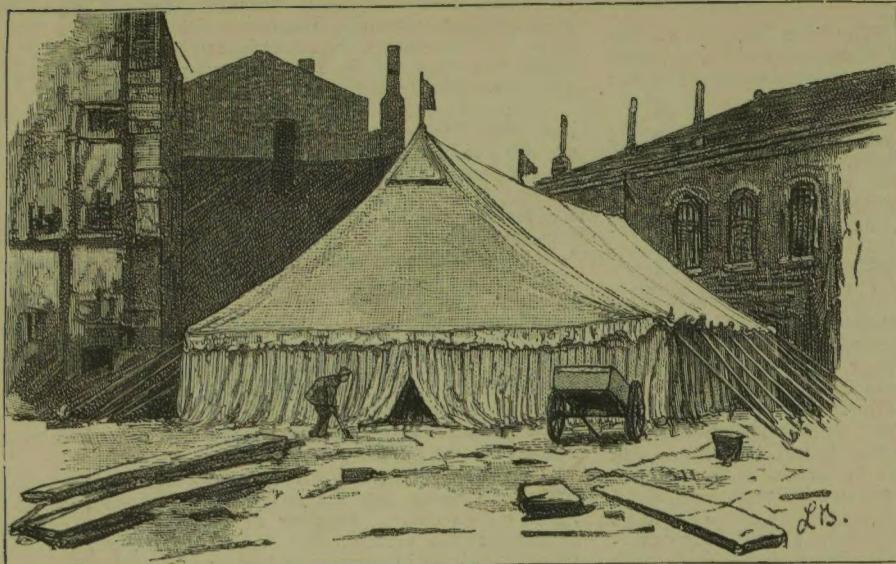
The street decorations were most abundant in the Wards of Bishopsgate Within, Aldgate, and Billingsgate: in Hounds-ditch, in Mincing-lane, and especially in Eastcheap; where a triumphal arch had been erected, lines of streamers were hung from one side of the street to the other, and the houses had their balconies set off with cloths of many colours, and shields surrounded with flags; while Roman masts had been erected, on which were the coats of arms of the City, of the new Lord Mayor, and the Sheriffs. In front of one of the new buildings, an imposing structure to be known henceforth as St. George's House, which was gay with a variety of decorations, there were grand stands reaching from the street to the roof, filled with thousands of well-dressed spectators, who cheered the Lord Mayor as he arrived. A bouquet was here presented to the Lady Mayoress by Mrs. Comyns Eames; and Sir Henry Peek, Bart., on behalf of the Ward of Billingsgate, read an address to his Lordship, who is Alderman of that ward, congratulating him as Chief Magistrate of the City. The children of the ward schools sang the National Anthem.

Having arrived at the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand, the new Lord Mayor, the retiring Lord Mayor, and the other high officers of the Corporation alighted there, and walked in procession up the Central Hall. In the Court of Queen's Bench, his Lordship was received by the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Coleridge, with Mr. Justice Denman and Mr. Justice Manisty. The Recorder having introduced Sir Reginald Hanson to the Judges, the Lord Chief Justice addressed the new Lord Mayor, bidding him welcome, and remarking on the prospects of next year, the jubilee of the Queen's reign, the idea of Imperial federation, the anxieties for the peace of Europe, and the probability of inquiry concerning the privileges of the City Corporation, with a view to the extension of equal benefits to the whole of London. The new Lord Mayor was then sworn in by Sir F. Pollock, the Queen's Remembrancer; and returned in procession to Guildhall.

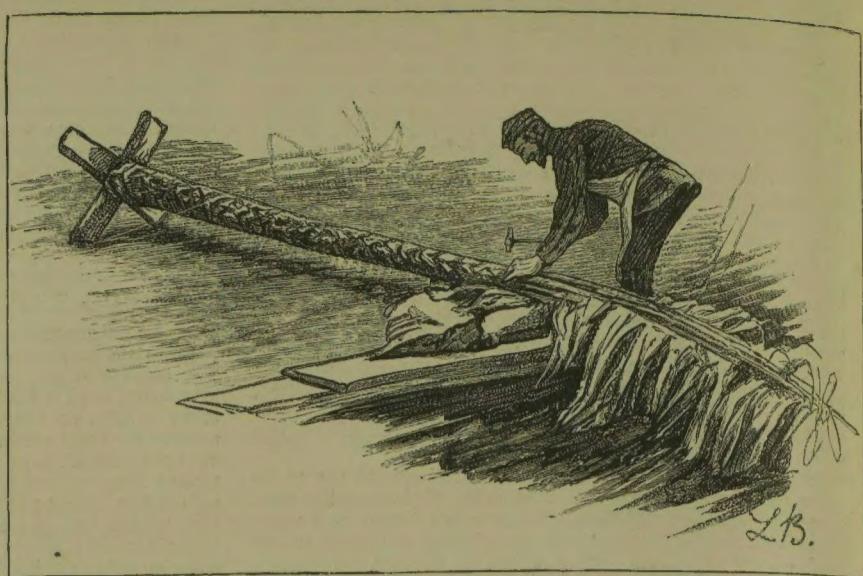
An hour later, in Trafalgar-square, where a great multitude of people had been gathered, there were some disorderly proceedings. The square was surrounded, chiefly at the main openings, by eight hundred police, of whom two hundred were drawn up in front of the National Gallery; and soldiers were ready in the barracks behind. A large crowd of persons, said to belong to the Socialist faction, collected around the Nelson column; small red flags were waved; and some of the pretended leaders, ascending the ledges of that monument, delivered speeches and passed resolutions, calling upon Government to find work for the unemployed, and to restrict daily labour to eight hours. The mob was getting boisterous and noisy, when the Life Guards rode up Northumberland-avenue, led by one of the chief constables of police, while a few other constables advanced to clear the base of the monument. At the same time, those at the corners of the square dispersed the crowds obstructing the roadways; and though a few men resisted, with scuffles and blows exchanged here and there, it was all over in a quarter of an hour.

The Lord Mayor's banquet at Guildhall in the evening was attended by the Marquis of Salisbury, Prime Minister; the Lord Chancellor, with Lady Halsbury; the Earl of Iddesleigh, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the Countess of Iddesleigh; Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Chief Secretary for Ireland; Mr. W. H. Smith, Lord George Hamilton, and other Ministers, Peers, Judges, and members of Parliament. Lord Salisbury made a speech of much political importance, referring to the maintenance of law and peace in Ireland, the task of reconstructing a tolerable government in Egypt, and the recent encroachments on the independence of Bulgaria, with the "midnight conspiracy" against Prince Alexander, of which he expressed deep condemnation. He said, however, that it was not the duty of Great Britain, in an isolated position, to vindicate the Treaty of Berlin. The Austrian Empire was more directly interested in those provinces of the Balkan peninsula. If the Powers of Europe, or a considerable part of them, undertook to maintain treaty rights and obligations, England would not be backward to perform that duty.

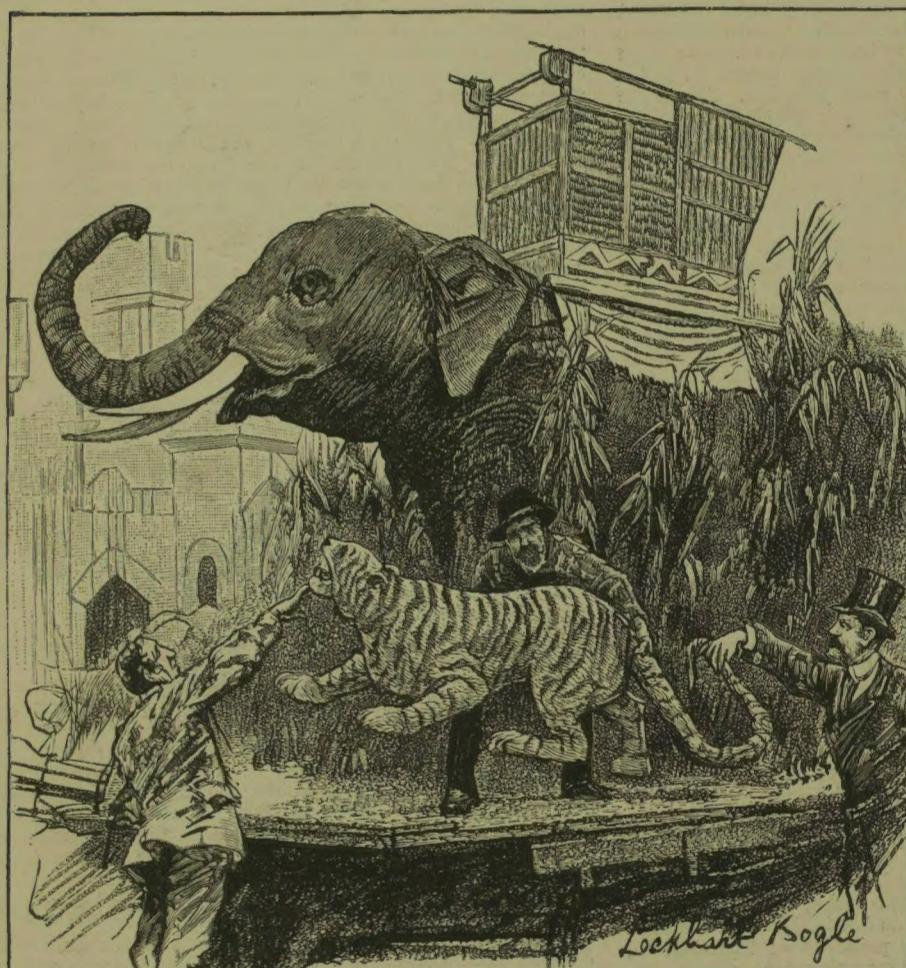
P R E P A R I N G F O R L O R D M A Y O R ' S S H O W.



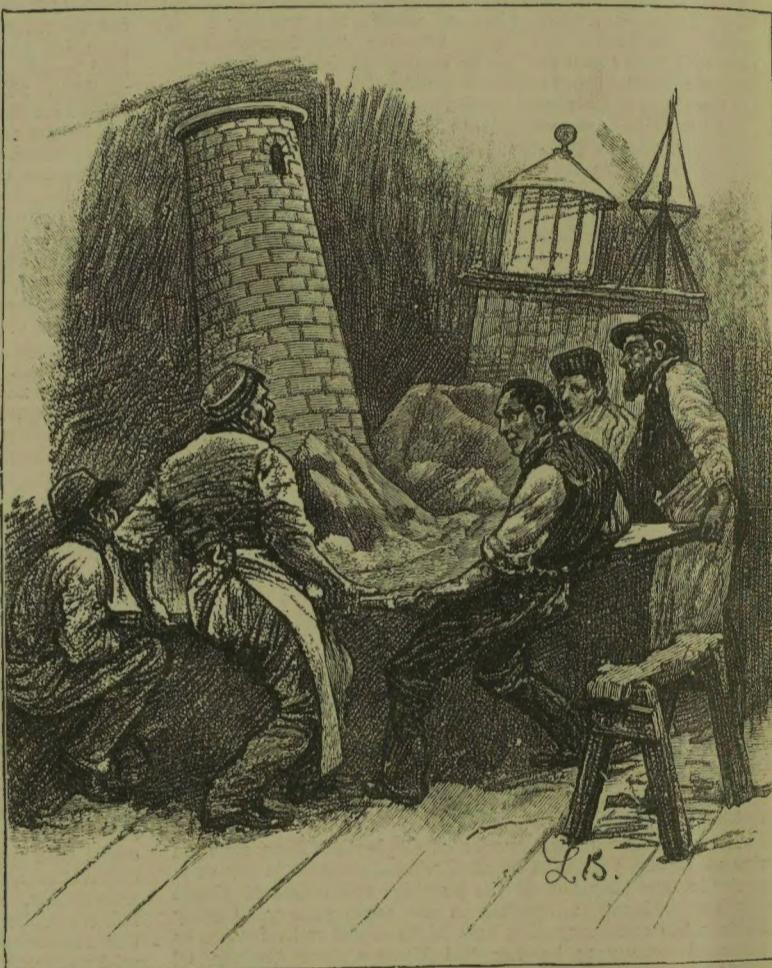
SCENE OF THE PREPARATIONS.



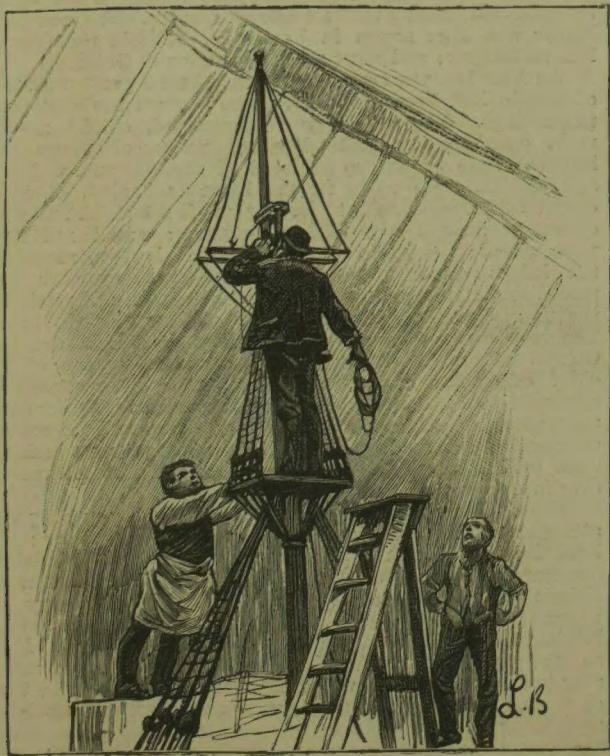
MANUFACTURING A PALM-TREE.



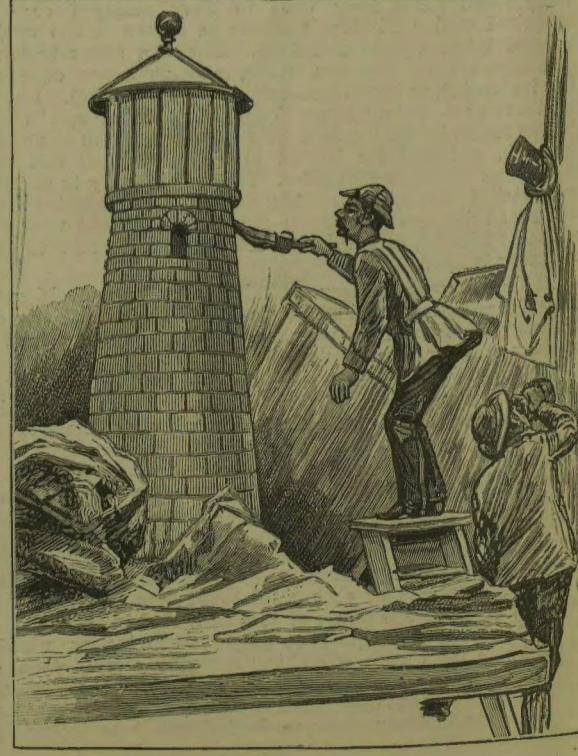
PLANTING THE TERROR OF THE JUNGLE.



THE LIGHTHOUSE IN A STORM.



STATE COACHMAN APPROVES THE TASTE OF THE LIVERY.



FINISHING TOUCHES.

WITH SIR REDVERS BULLER IN IRELAND: SKETCHES BY A SPECIAL ARTIST.



SAVING THE HARVEST IN THE CAHIR MOUNTAINS, KERRY.



POLICE EXAMINING A PEASANT FARMER'S ARMS, AFTER THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MR. VANDELEUR.

NOVELS.

There is a large class of readers whose literary "complaint" will be exactly "suited" by Mrs. Alexander's two clever volumes, entitled *By Woman's Wit* (F. V. White and Co.), though some of the characters may speak a language sometimes which would not satisfy a pedant's views concerning the relative pronoun, and some may behave on most occasions in a manner not at all indicative of the refinement which is (no doubt, erroneously) supposed to characterise the intercourse of the "upper suckles." For with those "suckles" the fortunate reader will, for the most part, have to do. Ladies of title, beauty, and wealth; gentlemen with and without "handles" to their names; from a noble Lord to a comparatively common Captain, stud the pages as stars and constellations the firmament of heaven. The very villain is a Squire of high degree, a county magnate, who condescends to commit a crime more worthy of the notorious Mr. Charles Peace than of the more romantic Mr. Claude Duval. What is more surprising than the reckless boldness of the deed is the superfluous nature of it; for it is perfectly plain to the meanest capacity that the daring scoundrel might have obtained what he wanted by the simple process of marrying a lady of transcendent personal charms and of riches beyond the dreams of avarice. It is not as if he had been a shy, diffident, bashful man; and even if he had been all that and more also, he must have seen quite clearly that she was prepared to accept him, if—as the vulgar phrase is—he had merely held up his little finger. But then he was one of those difficult men who cannot bring themselves to make any sacrifice, who desire to get everything they have set their heart upon, who wish to mend their fortunes by robbing one fair lady and to satisfy their inclinations by marrying another. The consequence is that vaulting ambition overleaps itself, that the villain has to marry the lady he had robbed, and release the lady he would fain have married, on pain of finding himself openly proclaimed a felon. Many a reader will think that he was let off very easily, and may even sigh for the chance of doing as he did, and faring as he fared; but, to do the villain justice, he does not seem to have been quite happy in that enviable state of life in which his crimes and misdemeanours have landed him. The novel contains a great deal about millinery, about jewels, about detectives, about machinations and counter-machinations, about love and misunderstandings, and about other matters which have a special interest for the female mind.

Surely some evil genius must have inspired the idea of spoiling *A Northern Lily*: by Joanna Harrison (Macmillan and Co.); for it certainly is spoiled by the "conclusion," which, moreover, is as unnecessary as it is detrimental. The story very appropriately and touchingly ends with the preceding chapter, beyond which readers are hereby earnestly recommended not to go. Up to that point, though they may have occasionally been a little wearied by the pettiness of the details to be expected in what is expressly described as "an uneventful life," they will have been frequently charmed, often melted, generally amused, and always impressed by the excellent and, on the whole, very lively style of writing. Some of the characters are admirably sketched with a certain touch of originality, and the portrait of the heroine is very good indeed. She is the daughter and only child of a rough Scottish laird who desires a son and heir, and who, being a widower of some years' experience at the opening of the story, soon marries again. His daughter, about seventeen years of age at that time, leaves the house (quite amicably) to avoid all chance of disagreement with her young step-mother, and only returns to her Scottish home at that step-mother's urgent request, when the Scottish laird has provided himself not only with a son and heir but with two little sons, for both of whom a plaguey fever takes a particular fancy. To help in nursing them the heroine is summoned, and departs with all the more alacrity because it gives her an excuse for getting away from a lover whom she likes very well, but not so well as to grant the request he makes that she will take him for better or worse. The fact is that her heart is in the grave of a former lover, the other's brother, to whom she considers herself bound in death as in life. How she escapes from her difficulty, what with the dead David and the living Lionel and the urgent mother of the dead and the living, may be discovered with the novelist's help and the preliminary provision of a needful pocket-handkerchief.

As a wholesome reminder of the dangerous position we occupy in India, if for no other reason, *The Touchstone of Peril*: by Dudley Hardress Thomas (T. Fisher Unwin), would deserve to be recommended, since the warning conveyed by the memorable Indian Mutiny cannot be kept too constantly before our eyes; but the story, whether it be fact or fiction, or a mixture of both, has intrinsic merits of its own. It is amusing as well as instructive, impressive as well as entertaining, lifelike as well as picturesque, interesting as well as thrilling—all to a moderate extent; it is written in good style, and it seems to present a more than usually diversified sketch of Indian and Anglo-Indian life. The two volumes bear a motto: "What I have seen, that tell I unto you"; and the contents would lead one to believe that what is implied by the motto is neither more nor less than the truth, so far, at any rate, as the main incidents are concerned. That imagination has been drawn upon for some of the more romantic scenes and occurrences is very likely, if not absolutely certain, and is matter rather for rejoicing than for regret, for praise than for blame. The burden of the tale is what befell two young ladies, who, having been educated in England—or, at any rate, in Europe—from their childhood to their marriageable age, are sent for to rejoin their parents in India, and arrive at their destination on the very eve of that awful calamity which it were well that English men and English women should never be allowed—even if it were possible—to forget. The father of the two girls was the head of a factory, so that the reader is introduced to a phase of life somewhat different from that which is generally presented in tales concerning the Indian Mutiny; and this difference is an additional charm. Would that all young English ladies had come out of that terrible Indian business as happily as the two heroines of this more or less veracious history!

In the choice of title, perhaps, even more than in anything else which is of importance to a book, it is advisable to avoid whatever may look like deliberate imitation; but in the case of *Great Speculations*: by Greville John Chester, B.A. (F. V. White and Co.), it would seem as if a different view had prevailed, as if the title had been intentionally adapted from "Great Expectations." That, however, is the extent of imitation or adaptation; and it is only to be regretted for the reason that it may cause the reader to begin with a little aversion, a style of commencement which is recommended solely in affairs of love and matrimony. The author considers it necessary to state (lest the critics should be "down upon him") that his main incident "actually occurred"; and it certainly has an air of extreme improbability, although we live in an age when the words "improbable" and even "impossible" should be employed with great caution. Now, as the story depends for its interest almost entirely upon this single extraordinary occurrence, it would clearly be a little unfair to the

writer to explain what it is; and, consequently, there is scarcely anything to be said about the story. It may be well to observe, however, that the writing is above the average in style, that considerable cleverness is displayed throughout, and that the drollery would be more effective if the struggle to be facetious were less glaringly apparent. Nor would it be right to pass over without a word of cordial and complimentary acknowledgment the truthfulness with which the author describes the workings of the human heart, so that the sincerest gratitude and the most cruel ingratitude may be co-existent.

Mr. D. Brown, of Musselbro', has won the golf championship competition at St. Andrews.

A severe gale passed over the British Isles last Saturday, and several wrecks, involving in some cases loss of life, occurred on the Northumbrian and County Down coasts.

Sir Edward Guinness has presented three months' salary to each member of his commercial staff, and a month's wages to each of the workmen, draymen, and others, amounting to £50,000.

The Punjab University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Oriental Learning upon Lord Dufferin, and that of Doctor of Literature, *honoris causa*, upon the Duke of Connaught.

At the first meeting of the newly-constituted Town Council of Glasgow yesterday week, Mr. James King was elected Lord Provost of that city.

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The unprecedented demand for the ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK year after year stimulates the Proprietor to still greater exertions to secure for this Almanack a reception as favourable as that which has hitherto placed its circulation second only to that of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

The ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK is inclosed in an elegant cover, printed in colours as the COLOURED PLATES, and forms a useful and pleasing ornament to the drawing-room table.

The SHILLING ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK is published at the Office of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, Strand, and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors.

DEATHS.

On Wednesday, the 27th ult., at Villiers House, Blackheath, near London, S.E., Sarah, the beloved and devoted wife of Henry White, Esq., aged 63 years.

On the 3rd inst., at Westgate-on-Sea, Dame Charlotte Mary, widow of Sir Erasmus Wilson, in her 80th year.

At Chobham, Surrey, on the 3rd inst., after a long and painful illness, Frederick Hippesley Smith, aged 42, youngest son of the late Ayscough Smith, of Leesthorpe Hall, Leicestershire.

On the 27 ult., killed in Upper Burmah, Edward James Harry Ormond, Indian Civil Service, eldest son of Edward M. Gleeson, Esq., of Benown, Athlone.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

JEPHETHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephethah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Aman Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotone," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF HIGH CLASS ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL PICTURES, including J. L. E. Meissonier's new Picture, "Le Voyageur," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH AND SON'S GALLERIES, 5 and 6, Haymarket. Admission, One Shilling, including Catalogue.

FAUST.—LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. FAUST EVERY NIGHT at Eight. Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten till Five. Seats booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

STRAND.—Mr. EDWARD COMPTON.—A Grand Success. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, by the COMPTON COMEDY COMPANY. Morning Performance EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. Box-office Ten till Five. Business Manager, Mr. Chas. Terry.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Comique Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artistes of renowned celebrity.

The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season.

SEA BATHING AT MONACO.

on a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year.

MONTE CARLO is provided with the following excellent Hotels.—The Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hotel, the Victoria Hotel, Hôtel des Anglais, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, de Londres, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours. Excursions to the Rigi, by Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the Gotthard line. Through-going Sleeping-Cars from Ostend to Milan. Balcony Carriages; Safety Brakes. Tickets at all corresponding Railway stations, and at Cook's and Gaze's Offices.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available Eight Days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates, available by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY.—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria 10. a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express Train, or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

A Pullman Drawing-Room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.45 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY

SATURDAY. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at East Croydon.

Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including Admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.

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Cheap Express Service Weekdays and Sundays, from Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8 p.m. Fares: Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s. Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Time Book and Handbills,

to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office.

(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This establishment was opened last Saturday night for a series of performances of operas in French, under the experienced direction of Mr. M. L. Mayer, whose previous London seasons have proved his special qualifications for such undertakings. The opening performance was Gounod's "Faust," which it was interesting to hear in its original French text after so many repetitions of it here in the Italian and English versions. The characters of Marguerite and Faust were sustained, respectively, on Saturday by Madame Fides Devries and M. Vergnet—both of the Grand Opera, Paris. The lady acted and sang with grace and pathos in the principal situations, and the gentleman (if not a fascinating Faust) was an earnest and intellectual representative of the part, both vocally and histrionically. His declamation is good, although sometimes a little exaggerated. The Mephistopheles of M. Dauphin was a spirited performance, perhaps rather realistic than supernatural, but, on the whole, effective. The characters of Siebel and Valentine were, respectively, sustained by Mdlle. De Londe and M. Devries, the latter of whom made a very good impression in the death-scene after the duel.

On Monday Bizet's "Carmen" was performed. This opera has gained great popularity here since the first production of the Italian version in 1878, some three years after it was first brought out at Paris, shortly before the premature death of its composer. Last Monday's performance possessed the special interest of being given in the original text, and with the first representative of the title-character—Madame Galli-Marié. This lady is an artist of a very high order, especially as an actress. Her delineation of the impulsive, fickle, and treacherous gipsy-girl was a very powerful one. In the scenes with her deluded and rejected lover, Don José, and those with her accepted suitor, Escamillo, the bull-fighter, Madame Galli-Marié produced a very powerful impression, which culminated in the final situation in which Carmen is assassinated by Don José. Carmen's music was also effectively rendered by the lady referred to. As Don José, M. Duchesne sang and acted with great effect. Both as an actor and a singer this gentleman is a worthy representative of the present French school of stage vocalisation. M. Devries and M. Dauphin were very efficient, respectively, as Escamillo and Zuniga, and other characters were fairly well filled. The performance of the opera was generally satisfactory, and its rendering, under the special conditions already mentioned, should prove greatly attractive. There was a large audience. M. J. Franz conducted on both the occasions now referred to. "Carmen" was announced again for Wednesday evening; "Faust," for Tuesday and to-night (Saturday); and "Les Cloches de Corneville" for Thursday and Friday evenings and this (Saturday) afternoon.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society entered on its sixteenth season last week with a fine performance of "Elijah." The choruses of Mendelssohn's sacred masterpiece were grandly rendered by the gigantic choir assembled at these concerts, and the orchestral details were adequately realised. The principal solo vocalists were Misses Anna Williams, M. Fenna, and H. Wilson, Madame F. Winn, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Henschel. Mr. Barnby conducted, as usual, and Dr. Stainer occupied his accustomed post as organist. Next Monday evening "The Golden Legend," Sir A. Sullivan's cantata (recently produced with great success at the Leeds Festival), will be performed by the society, with the same solo vocalists as at Leeds.

Dvorák's new oratorio, "Saint Ludmila," was performed at the Crystal Palace concert of last Saturday afternoon, this having been its second hearing since its production at the Leeds Festival on Oct. 15. Of the work itself we spoke in reference to that event, and again when noticing the first of the new series of Novello's oratorio concerts at St. James's Hall, where it was given on Oct. 29. The choir of this institution co-operated in Saturday's performance, the choruses having been better rendered than in the previous instance. Miss Annie Marriott sang, for the first time, the music of Ludmila (previously assigned to Madame Albani), and acquitted herself well in the arduous task. The other solo vocalists were—Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, as at St. James's Hall, the two gentlemen having been also engaged in the first performance at Leeds. Saturday's performance was conducted by the composer, who was cordially received.

The first afternoon performance of the new series of the Popular Concerts took place at St. James's Hall last Saturday, when Madame Norman-Néruda was the leading violinist, Miss Fanny Davies the solo pianist; Signor Piatti the violoncellist, and Mr. Henschel the vocalist. The programme was of varied interest.

The last of the series of three autumnal Richter concerts, at St. James's Hall, took place on Tuesday evening, when the performances—interesting in themselves—offered no point of novelty calling for comment.

Mr. Henry Holmes's interesting "Musical Evenings" entered on a new series, at Princes' Hall, this week, with a sterling programme.

The "Symphony Concerts"—a new musical enterprise—will be inaugurated at St. James's Hall next Wednesday evening. Sixteen performances are to be given up to March 16 inclusive. A full orchestra is engaged, to be headed by Mr. Carrodus, and conducted by Mr. Henschel.

Professor Macullum, classical tutor at Aberystwith University College, has been appointed to the chair of modern literature at the University College, Sydney, New South Wales.

On Monday the freedom of Newcastle was conferred on Sir W. G. Armstrong. The document conferring the freedom was enclosed in an elegant casket made from the wood of the old Tyne Bridge.

Captain Pryce, Lord Lieutenant of Merionethshire, last Monday, on behalf of the subscribers, presented Mr. S. Holland, M.P. for the county for about fifteen years, with his portrait in oils, executed by Mr. Hugh Carter.

The annual Anglesey Hunt week, one of the oldest and most fashionable gatherings in North Wales, was inaugurated on Monday at Beaumaris. Lady Eva Wellesley is the lady patroness for the year, Sir R. Williams-Bulkeley, Bart., the comptroller, and Mr. Glynn Massey the deputy-comptroller.

A meeting was held at the Mansion House yesterday week to assist in raising £15,000 required for the completion of part of the scheme of a People's Palace for East London. Resolutions in support of the action of the trustees, and pledging the meeting to do all in its power to raise the sum mentioned, were passed.

The Colonial and Indian Exhibition was open on Wednesday for the last time. Since its first opening in May the Exhibition was visited by over 5,500,000 people, or an average of 30,000 a day. Of these vast crowds the provincial railways contributed over 1,000,000, without including the suburban traffic; and the schools and societies of the metropolis sent 1,250,000 at reduced prices.

THE MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

SECOND NOTICE.

There are more exciting novels now in process of publication than Mr. Hardy's "Woodlanders," still pursuing its leisurely course through *Macmillan*, but it is the only one of them all with the stamp of a classic, a tale not merely related, but composed. There is also much pathetic interest in the present instalment, as well as much quiet beauty. Mr. Traill's lively satire on European rivalries in the Pacific, "The Protectorate of Porolongu," comes in a measure as a relief. It is very humorous, and the fun is not overdone. The only fault is that the dénouement is foreshadowed too early. "The Poetry of the Spanish People" is an excellent account of the subject, graced by some translations which are not the less admirable for being very brief. The "new lamps" which Mr. Courtney deprecates being taken in exchange for old ones are Oxford reforms, but the exchange, whether for good or evil, appears to have come about already. Mr. Logie Robertson contributes a very agreeable sketch of Allan Ramsay; and there is an interesting portrait of that splendid Don, the late Master of Trinity, who seems, however, to have been contemplated at too awful a distance to allow of a vivid portrait.

The leading contribution to the *Fortnightly Review* is Professor Dowden's analysis, with copious quotations, of Shelley's unpublished treatise on Reform, the existence of which was already known from his correspondence. It exhibits both a wider reach of knowledge and more conservative instinct than would have been looked for in the Shelley of 1819. Very much of it would command general assent at the present day; the weak points are the too unguarded assertion of the right of insurrection, and the proposal for repudiating the National Debt. M. De Hennin regards the destruction of the Turkish Empire as inevitable; but, at the same time, does not think that the Sultan can be driven from Constantinople without a great war. "Stepniak" paints an interesting and probably a faithful picture of the Russian peasant. Lady Dilke narrates the foundation of the French academy of painting and sculpture, and points out the influence which its close connection with the Court has exerted in determining the national taste in art. Miss Robinson makes the lives of Saints Mechtild and Gertrude the vehicle of an impressive warning against "the sweet and fatal poison of mysticism"; and Mr. Coventry Patmore, in like manner, employs Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, as the medium for disquisitions on favourite ideas, to the detriment of Barnes himself, of whose fidelity to nature, and simple yet subtle art, the reader obtains no adequate impression.

The *Nineteenth Century* is not very strong this month, but has some valuable articles. The most important are the two referring to the policy of France in the far East. Sir Rutherford Alcock points out the danger occasioned to European residents by the extravagant claims of the French to protect missionaries and govern converts in China; and Mr. Kinloch Cooke proposes a *modus vivendi* between France and Great Britain in the Pacific, on the model of our similar understanding with Germany. Mr. Barnett, an East-End clergyman, offers useful suggestions for grappling with the anticipated distress. The Poor Law, he says, must be the sheet anchor, and must involve a strict labour test. Mr. F. Myers discusses the phenomena of trance and hypnotism; and Mrs. Kennard conveys the essence of George Sand's correspondence with Gustave Flaubert, and of Maxime Du Camp's account of the latter, in a very delightful essay.

Mr. Gosse's article on Sir Philip Sidney in the *Contemporary Review* will convince any impartial reader that he has both an extensive and a living knowledge of the Elizabethan age. But who is "Palma"? M. De Laveleye thinks that in the event of war breaking out in the Balkan peninsula, England will be drawn into active hostilities. Mrs. Fawcett gives women much sensible advice respecting the higher education and the elevation of the sex in general. The Rev. W. Cunningham argues against prohibitory temperance legislation. Mr. Stead's conception of the future of journalism is that it is destined to become a gigantic machine for ascertaining and tabulating public opinion by an organised system of interviewing.

The *National Review* is readable enough this month, but not striking. Mr. Cooke, M.P., describes the recent Parnellite obstruction, and dwells on the incoherence and unsteadiness of the party in the absence of its leader. "Burmah and the Burmese," by General McMahon, and "Social Reforms in India," by Mr. Ghosh, are suggestive essays, touching on some of the most difficult problems which can arise in the government of an Oriental people by Europeans. "Paul De Saint Victor," by Mrs. Lang, and "Chaucer and Boccaccio," by Miss E. M. Clerke, are excellent literary papers.

"Elizabeth's Fortune" is continued in *London Society*; the moonlight land which gleams upon other pages of the magazine is no other than Kerry. With the exception of Mr. Summers's spirited defence of Mr. Gladstone's consistency on the Home Rule question, the contents of *Time* are very amateurish in character. This should be looked to, for the magazine has recently been one of excellent promise. The contents of *St. Nicholas*, always on a high level, are agreeably varied, this month, by specimens of Victor Hugo's tales to his grandchildren, with an engraving of the poet in the act of recital. *Cassell's Magazine*, with other interesting matter, has an account of the library of the British Museum by Mr. R. Garnett, with illustrations. The *Lady's World*, a new and promising venture, is full of matter interesting to a fair public. The authenticity of the plates representing the fashions of the day is evidently guaranteed by their being taken from photographs, and speak well both for the makers and the wearers.

In the *Theatre*, the chief items are Mr. C. Scott's article on various theatrical matters, "French and English," and the same writer's "Jubilee Song," entitled "Our Empress-Queen." The photograph is a group of the chief characters in "A Run of Luck."

We have also received *The Dublin University Magazine*, *Belgravia*, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *The Quiver* (first number of a new volume), *Picturesque Europe*, *Good Words*, *Ladies' Gazette of Fashion*, *The Season*, *Argosy*, *Eastward Ho!* *Illustrations*, *Every Girl's Magazine*, *Red Dragon*, Part 6 of *John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character*; Part 1 of new and revised edition of *Cassell's Illustrated History of England*, Part 1 of *History of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancaster*, *World of Fashion*, *Moniteur de la Mode*, *Ladies' Treasury*, *Le Follet*, *Loose Rein*, *Leisure Hour*, *Indian Magazine*, *United Service Magazine*, *Forum*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Knowledge*, *All the Year Round*, *Army and Navy Gazette*, *Harper's Young People*, and others.

The Lord Provost's committee of the Edinburgh Town Council last Saturday, by eight to six votes, declined to accept the Exhibition buildings, with £5000 for their repair and £5000 for their maintenance. It is held that the meadows on which the Exhibition buildings stand must be cleared as a public park.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The ladies of Kirkby Lonsdale have just decided that they in particular will make a celebration of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. A great feast is to be given free to all the working people of the town, with special provision for the aged and invalid. There is nothing novel about the idea; it deserves notice because the ladies of the town are arranging the matter. It really seems to me that the women of all England might justly undertake some special celebration of their own of her Majesty's Jubilee. Queen Victoria has indeed been an honour to her sex. No man can compare her Majesty with the earlier Sovereigns of even her own dynasty without admitting that, no less in her Sovereign capacity than in her private character, the woman monarch has been the noblest of them all. She has shown that devotion to, and comprehension of, public matters is compatible with wifely tenderness and duty, motherly anxiety and affection, womanly kindness and gentleness. It would be suitable that there should be a woman's memorial of Queen Victoria's reign; and it would be suitable, too, that that memorial should take some form connected with domestic life. The proposed Colonial Institute will celebrate the growth of Empire in the reign, and will help in its future extension. A great technical institute for training girls of all ranks for a year or two after school life ends, both in some industrial work and in domestic arts, would worthily commemorate the social and moral advance of the reign.

The model kitchen and workshops fitted up by the Prince Consort at Osborne, where his daughters were taught to cook, and where all sorts of mechanical arts were carried on by the younger members of the Royal family, might almost serve as a miniature model for such a large institute. England sadly wants some organisation of the industrial training of her girls, and is almost the only country destitute of anything of the kind. The Lette-Verein, actively patronised and fostered by H.R.H. the Crown Princess in Germany, affords technical training to many girls. The Municipality of Paris assists a similar effort there. If it became customary for our middle-class girls when they leave school to spend a year or two in a technical school, we should hear far less of the woes of lady companions, the difficulties of reduced gentlewomen, and the badness of servants. There might be a central institute in London, and a branch in every big town. It would be a middle-class institute, however; veritable working-class girls could not spare time for training without earning.

Lady Leigh has just written a lively attack upon the working-man's wife. Every now and again, somebody comes forward and says that the drinking habits of the English working-man are entirely the fault of his wife. If she made his home different, as she might do, he would not want to go to what is flatteringly described as "a bright, clean, cheerful public-house." The working-man purrs for a moment when he hears that his drinking is caused, and therefore justified, by his wife's incompetence. But being in the main a good, honest fellow, he admits to himself, at last, as a rule, that "the missus" does the best she can with the conditions of her existence, has a harder, more trying life than he, and could not do more than she does to make his home endurable. That it is yet unendurable remains a fact, which he perhaps receives with a blank absence of thought as an insoluble mystery; or, if he be intelligent enough to think about it, probably he concludes that it is far more the fault of those who live softly and fare daintily without doing any work at all, that working men's lives should be so wretched, than it is that of the toiling, suffering, struggling partner of his poverty. Thus he passes into Socialism.

The practical purpose of Lady Leigh's letter is essentially to urge what the veteran Mr. Edwin Chadwick has advocated for fifty years—viz., that only half the school hours of each day should be devoted to what are usually thought of as educational subjects, and that the afternoons should be entirely resigned to technical training. By giving up this time to teaching "cutting-out and thorough needlework, and cooking, and everything that bears upon the happiness of the home," Lady Leigh proposes to prevent a working man's home containing "foul smells and heart-sickening disorder." The same simple plan is to cause the poor wife always to keep a good fire, a bright light, and a clean room, and to provide her husband with good, wholesome, varied food; she will always have her hair well dressed, she will never look care-worn, never be fretful, and will have her children as sweet as rosebuds all the time, instead of as dirty as pigs. The antithesis of all this describes the "general rule" of the working man's wife of to-day.

Would that it could be so! But, unhappily, "the destruction of the poor is *their poverty*," not the fact that the women of that class are lazy, unmethodical, and ignorant. They are, many of them, all this; and our present system of education is altogether mistaken and foolish; but the real evil of the working-man's life is want of money. The rate of wages is too low, and the family is too large for the home to be comfortable, though the mother be wise, industrious, and sober to perfection. I cannot speak confidently of anywhere else than London; but I know far more than it is agreeable for me to reflect upon the real condition of the masses in London. Twenty-four shillings is a common weekly wage for respectable workmen; thirty shillings is considered good; and it is only the aristocracy of labour who gain two pounds weekly and over. The people who have even twenty-four shillings weekly regularly are not considered very poor. The husband will, probably, retain four shillings of the total for his own expenses and his drink and smoke. He ought not to do so; but this is how great breweries become sources of millions to their owners. The average rent per room in the crowded parts of London is three shillings weekly; in the cheaper parts it may be two shillings. Now, five children under twelve years of age is not all a remarkable family for a working man. Suppose they be stowed with their parents in two rooms, which serve for every purpose, the rent reduces the free income in the wife's hands to, say, fifteen shillings per week. This leaves about two shillings and twopence per head per week, or less than fourpence each a day for the food, the clothing, the "good fire, the bright light," the soap and soda to manufacture "rosebuds" out of juvenile "pigs," the cleaning utensils and accessories for making the rooms clean, the apparatus for cooking the food, the school fees, the doctors' bills, and everything else. A woman who has but one very little room for her kitchen, dining-room, drawing-room, pantry, scullery, laundry, and day nursery for five children, who has to provide for all the wants of seven persons at fourpence a day each, and who is moreover nearly always nursing a baby, may well laugh bitterly when the mistress of a great mansion arrives to lecture her poor sister about the latter's ignorance and incompetence as a domestic worker being the cause of the discomforts of her husband's home.

Many of our readers are, no doubt, already on the look-out for suitable presents for Christmas, and I can confidently recommend this week's *Lady's Pictorial*—a Special Christmas Present Number—as a complete guide for intending purchasers. The gifts are fully described, and excellent illustrations accompany the articles.

THE COURT.

The Queen and the members of the Royal family, who have been residing at Balmoral during the autumn, left the castle on Thursday morning, last week, and proceeded by train, via Aberdeen, to Edinburgh, where an enthusiastic reception awaited her Majesty. They remained at Holyrood Palace for the night. Next day the Queen visited the grave of the Buccleuch family, and placed two wreaths upon it. In the afternoon she drove to the Longmore Hospital for Incurables, and, at the request of one of the inmates, consented to write her name in the Patient's Birthday-book. Her Majesty left Holyrood in the evening, arriving at Windsor on Saturday morning. In the afternoon the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Irene of Hesse. Her Majesty, the Royal family, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiating. The Marquis of Salisbury, travelling from town by Great Western train, arrived at Windsor on Monday evening, on a visit to the Queen, and was included in the Royal dinner party. In the afternoon the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove to King's Beeches (the residence of Mr. Barnett); and honoured Mrs. Standish with a visit at King's Beeches, where the Comte and Comtesse D'Escarre, Mrs. Standish's parents, were presented to the Queen. Her Majesty afterwards viewed the scene of the recent destructive fire at Berystede, near Ascot. On Tuesday morning her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse. The Queen held a Council on Wednesday. Her Majesty has conferred the distinction of Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George upon the Right Hon. John Staples, the retiring Lord Mayor of London, a Royal Commissioner for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886; and upon Walter Lawry Buller, Esq., C.M.G., a member of the New Zealand Commission in London for the said Exhibition. On the recommendation of the Secretary for Scotland, her Majesty has appointed the Rev. Robert H. Story, D.D., minister of Roseneath, to be Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Glasgow, in the room of the late Rev. William Lee, D.D. The Queen, who takes a warm interest in the Royal Caledonian Asylum, has sent a likeness of herself as a gift to Mr. Lawrie, on his resigning the appointment of chairman of directors of that institution. Her Majesty has forwarded her annual subscription of £50 to the Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society, of which she is patron.

On Thursday week the gold medal for the year, given to the King's Lynn Grammar School by the Prince of Wales, was presented to Mr. Arthur Thomas Tallett by his Royal Highness at Sandringham. The Right Rev. the Bishop of Gibraltar arrived at Sandringham last Saturday afternoon, on a visit to the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene. The Rev. F. Hervey, M.A., Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, officiated, and the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Gibraltar. Prince and Princess Christian, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, accompanied by Princess Hélène and the Duo d'Amale, arrived at Sandringham last Monday on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince met their Royal Highnesses at the Wolverton Station. Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill arrived at Sandringham on a visit to the Prince and Princess; and the Bishop of Gibraltar, having terminated his visit, left. Tuesday was the forty-fifth birthday of the Prince. A highly influential and representative committee has been appointed to assist in framing a scheme on which shall be founded an Imperial Institute for the Colonies and India, in accordance with the proposal made some time since by the Prince of Wales in connection with the coming jubilee of the Queen.

The Duke of Connaught has been appointed to the command-in-chief of the Bombay Army. Major-General Sir Charles Arbuthnot will assume the command of the Madras Army.

The Grand Duke of Hesse arrived at Buckingham Palace on Friday last week from Sandringham; and left next day for Darmstadt.

Miss Eason, of Gurdon, has given £1000 and a site for a new church in Parkgate, Darlington, and the Bishop of Durham has made a conditional promise of £700 towards the same object.

The International Exhibition at Liverpool was brought to a close on Monday night. During the day it was visited by 52,000 people. The total admissions, exclusive of exhibitors, &c., from the opening, on May 11, were 2,682,516.

Messrs. John Walker and Co., of Farringdon House, Warwick-lane, publish a new series of Diaries, in which they have introduced some novel features. These registered loop diaries are in four sizes and two bindings.

Mr. C. Stuart-Wortley, M.P., opened a new building, on Monday, in connection with the Sheffield Orphan Homes, the foundation-stone of which was laid, two years ago, by the Countess of Wharncliffe. The new home has cost £2000, and will accommodate thirty-five children. It stands near to one which has been in existence for some time, and which finds accommodation for forty girls.

Mr. John Allan Rolls, of The Hendre, Monmouth, late M.P. for Monmouthshire, and the owner of extensive estates in South London, has promised a contribution of £10,000 to the Rochester Diocesan Society, to be paid in ten annual instalments of £1000 each, the disposal to be at the discretion of the Bishop of the diocese. Mr. Rolls has previously given considerable sums in support of the objects of the society.

Specimens of Christmas and New Year's cards have been received from Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner, of 41, Jewin-street. They are of great variety, charmingly designed by about twenty artists, and well executed. From the same firm we have two samples of private cards, having spaces for the names of sender and receiver.—Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons, of London, Edinburgh, and New York, have published some excellent chromo views, designs for Christmas and New Year cards, with a sprinkling of Birthday cards.—Some quaintly curious original Christmas cards, the productions of Messrs. George Falkner and Sons, of Manchester, are published by Messrs. Marion and Co., of London.

The match of 15,000 up between W. J. Peall and G. Collins, at the Westminster Aquarium, was brought to a conclusion last Saturday night, Peall winning by 3388 points, or, when it is considered that he conceded 5000 points start, more than half the game. The match under notice has been a remarkable one. In it Peall compiled the best break on record, 2413, which extended from Thursday afternoon to Friday afternoon. Another feature in last week's play at the Aquarium is that on three other occasions Peall made over 1000 in an innings. It is announced in Monday's *Sportsman* a gentleman offers to back Peall against Roberts for the championship of English billiards: that is, as the game is played in this country. Peall has consented to play Roberts 15,000 points up, "all in," on an ordinary English billiard table, for £100 a side and for the title of champion.—J. Roberts won the billiard-match of 12,000 up against J. Bennett, on Saturday, by 3760 points.

BITS OF OLD LONDON: STAPLE INN.

One of the few remaining "Bits of Old London" is the "House with the Seven Gables" at Holborn-bars, opposite the south end of Gray's Inn-lane. Its picturesque front of rough stucco, with horizontal lines of timber supporting the projections of upper floors, which thrust forward, as though by accident, here and there an enlarged apartment, relieved by deep recesses along the main wall, is delightful to the lover of domestic antiquities, and is a characteristic specimen of English town architecture some two centuries ago. Many of us can remember "Middle-row," which stood just above this building, at the entrance to High Holborn, half closing the broad street, like the block of old houses and shops yet partially spared in the Strand between St. Clement's and St. Mary's Churches. Few, perhaps, except those who have had business to do with certain respectable London solicitors, have entered the old arched gateway, between the haberdasher's and trunkmaker's shops, to pass into Staple Inn. The outer quadrangle, with its rough stone paving, its five languishing plane-trees, its quiet houses, occupied by the chambers of law agents, suggestive of the lucrative study of title-deeds, and its sequestered Hall, adorned with a large window of semi-Tudor architecture, a doorway of graceful flamboyant decoration, and a roof lantern surmounted by a gilded vane, is a place where one harassed by the street bustle may retire for a breathing-time, where the mind can rest on vague imaginations of the past. There is a little open doorway in the nearest corner, with the lower steps of a narrow twisting staircase, which may recall to the University man, here in London, the beloved door and steps to his own student's hermitage at one of the Oxford colleges; he could almost go in, forgetful of his whereabouts, to seek the sanctum of his Aristotelian reading, with the aid of a solacing pipe.

The buildings around this north square of Staple Inn, plain old-fashioned brick houses, bear the dates of their erection, and the Latinised names of the principals of Staple Inn by whom they were constructed, *sumptibus hujus hospitii*, in 1734, 1757, when the western range *surrexit è flammis*, and 1759. The Hall, in which the Principal and Ancients have been wont to dine, is of the style of "Eliza and our James," the early part of the seventeenth century: its date is 1618. Its memorial windows bear record of three Judges of the Court of King's Bench who were members of Staple Inn. The interior is lined with fine oak panelling; at one end of the hall is a



STAPLE INN: THE HOLBORN FRONT.

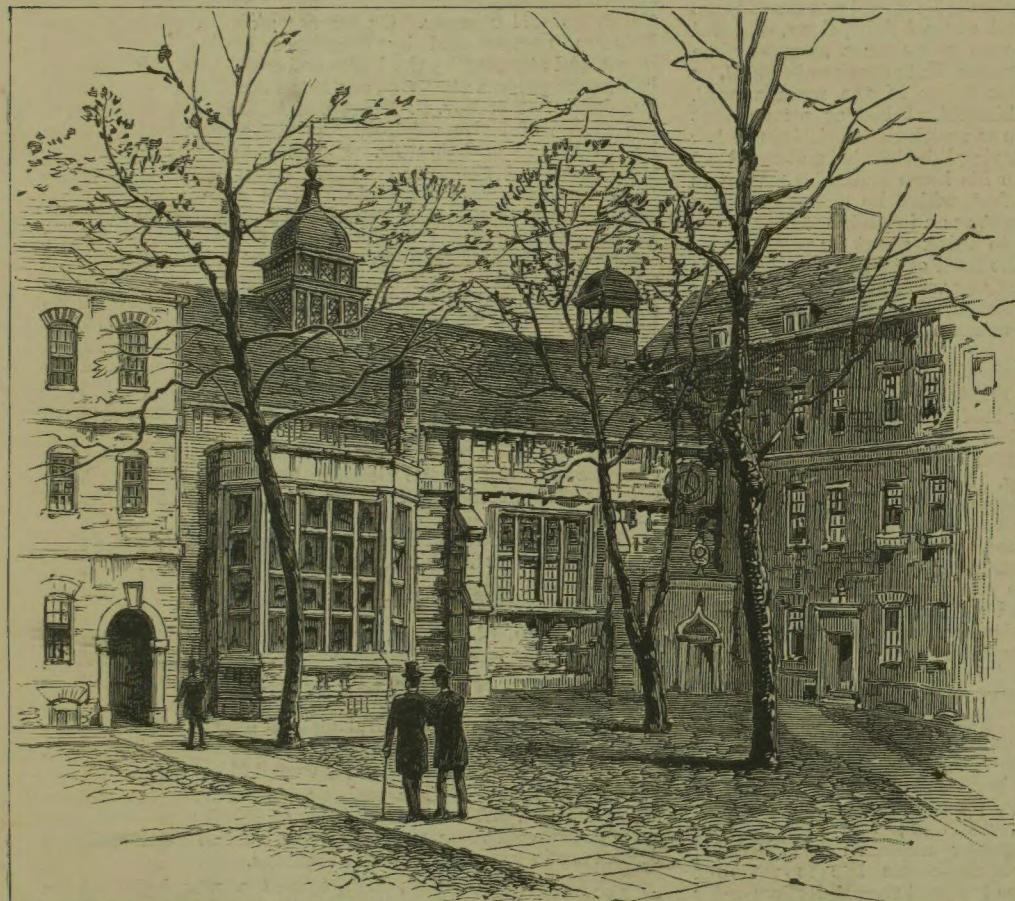
lawyer, from the Coke-upon-Littleton period, has dined at a table on the dais, with an oriel window looking out northward upon the trees of the courtyard on their right hand. The other members of the Inn and any guests dined at tables placed down the middle of the Hall against the side benches. As is usual in such places, there is an entrance to the Hall from each side, from the northern court and from the garden; on the other side of the passage, between these two doors, is the kitchen, furnished with an old-fashioned roasting bar; under both kitchens and hall are capacious cellars, where the good old port, the "sherris," Canary, and claret, needful "refreshers" of the legal profession in those days, awaited their masters' pleasure.

The inner or southern court, entered through a second archway, is of irregular shape. It lies more open, and is beautified with a small pretty garden, with shrubs, lawn, and two or three trees, under the stately Hall, which on this side, as on the other side, displays a large clock-face, warning loiterers of the lapse of minutes and hours.

Opposite to the right, is the handsome iron gate from Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, with the house formerly occupied by the Birkbeck Mechanics' Institute; the new buildings erected by Government for the Land Registry and other public offices, with a broad stone terrace, a balustrade, and an ample flight of steps, extend half along the south side. Retiring somewhat towards the south-east corner is a range of excellent red-brick building, with red tiled roof, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, inscribed with the date 1699, and there is a smaller building of the year 1729, which completes our description of the place. Such is the outward and visible aspect of Staple Inn, the name of which has not, to our knowledge, any connection with the civic ancestry of the late worthy Lord Mayor Staples, but may have been derived from a "staple," or measuring and testing-place of London wool-staplers, possibly on this site before the "Inn of Chancery" was founded.

Old London, as we see daily, is now melting into fond and faint reminiscences under the ardent eagerness of metropolitan improvement and building speculations; which does much good—witness the noble transformation of Gray's Inn-lane—but also takes away the cherished relics of antiquity, and these pass into flimsy phantoms of painted scenery at the South Kensington Exhibition. The whole of the Staple Inn ground and buildings—except Wren's modest bit of architecture on the south side, bought by her Majesty's Commissioners of Works—has become, for about £80,000, the property of Messrs. Trollope, who will, on the 26th inst., offer it for sale at auction. It is understood that the "Ancients," who are ten or eleven gentlemen constituting the legal Corporation, have somehow discovered that they have a right to dissolve it, and to divide the money, somehow, for their private profit, following the example of certain Judges who were the surviving corporate proprietors of Serjeants' Inn. We do not care to inquire concerning the question of equity that some may fancy to be involved in this

characteristically English transaction. "The good old rule, the simple plan" is apt to be practised under cover of subtle interpretations of our wonderful law of corporate and trust pro-



STAPLE INN: THE HALL.

dais, at the other a musicians' gallery; along the sides are fixed oak benches, suggesting the days when the tables were cleared away, and the hall was used for moots and discussions before the assembled students. Many an eminent

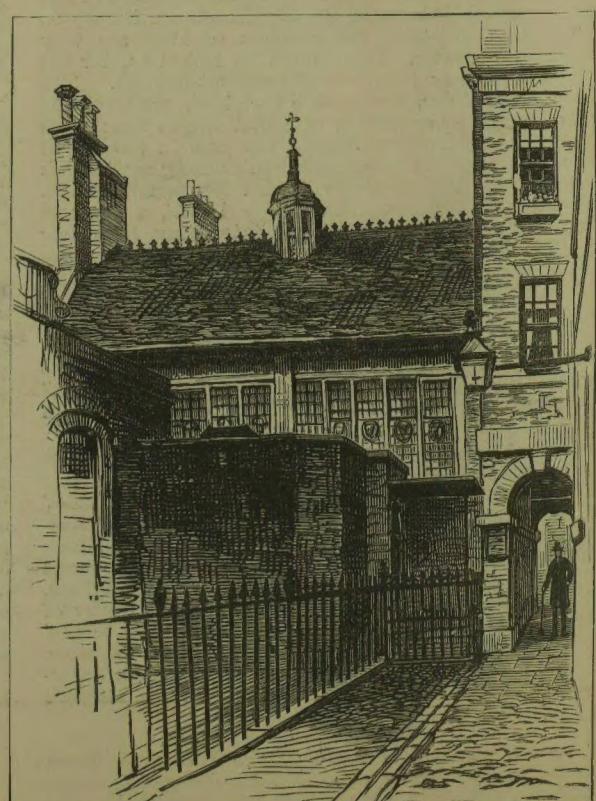


STAPLE INN: GATEWAY IN SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS.

property, by which "those shall keep who can." But many Londoners who love their city, and Englishmen who love the historical and literary associations of London, will be sorry for the impending destruction of Staple Inn. The quaint old frontage in Holborn is probably doomed, as modern shop-keeping wants the site for a more remunerative display of retail business establishments; but the hall and garden ought to be spared. It has been suggested to buy it for the proposed "Church House," upon the occasion of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign.



STAPLE INN: THE STEPS.



BARNARD'S INN.



BORN, JAN. 11, 1857.

DIED, NOV. 8, 1886.

THE LATE FREDERICK ARCHER, THE CELEBRATED JOCKEY, ON BEND OR.

Winner of the DERBY, 1877, with Silvio; 1880 (Bend Or); 1881 (Iroquois); 1885 (Melton); and 1886 (Ormonde).

Winner of the St. LEGER, 1877, with Silvio; 1878 (Jannette); 1881 (Iroquois); 1882 (Dutch Oven); 1885 (Melton); and 1886 (Ormonde).

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Nov. 9.

The event of the political week is a speech delivered during the discussion of the Budget by the eminent Bonapartist deputy, M. Raoul Duval. In brief, M. Duval's speech was an appeal to the members of the Right of the Chamber to cease their systematic opposition to the form of government, and to take their stand henceforward on a Constitutional ground. The fact of such a speech having been made in Parliament by a politician of high authority is alone an important event which will certainly have a good effect all over France, and ultimately an influence on the Conservative party. In unrestful and anxious contemporary Europe, France presents the spectacle of a country divided into two hostile camps, separated by an abyss which fanaticism, rancour, and prejudice are continually widening. M. Duval asks of the Republicans not so much liberty, as toleration; and of the Conservatives, he asks the sacrifice of their chimerical hopes of a Monarchical restoration. At the last elections no Conservative member was sent to Parliament with a revolutionary mandate; no Conservative presented himself before his electors as the adversary of the Republic, because such an attitude would have secured defeat. Why, then, in Parliament, do the Conservatives assume an attitude not in harmony with their attitude before their electors? The Republic, continued M. Duval, is open to all. The Conservatives need nobody's permission to enable them to work legally and peacefully, under the Republican form of government, for the triumph of their opinions in political, religious, or economical matters. The real question is, whether the French Conservatives wish to facilitate the transaction of national business, or simply to hinder it? The Conservatives have reached a point where contradiction is flagrant, and conciliation impossible between their Conservative convictions and their Monarchical preferences. If the Conservatives obey their convictions, they will work with and for the Republic, and prove thereby that their interests can be defended efficaciously under the Republican just as well as under the Monarchical form of Government. On the other hand, if the Conservatives yielded to their Monarchical preferences, they become Revolutionaries. In this sixteenth year of the third French Republic the Conservatives are placed between the horns of this dilemma. M. Duval's patriotic act in making this speech permits us to hope that the Conservatives will choose rightly, and that the Republicans will meet their sacrifice half way by relaxing their intolerance in matters of religion and education.

That horrible 1000-foot high tower which the engineer Eiffel has devised on paper is decidedly to be erected in iron as the great marvel of the Exhibition of 1889. The Commission has voted in favour of the project by 21 votes against 11. A subvention of one million and a quarter of francs has been placed at the disposal of the constructor, and the foundations will be begun this week in the garden of the Champs de Mars, next the river. That the city which boasts such monuments as Notre Dame, the Sainte Chapelle, the Louvre, the Invalides, and the Arc de Triomphe should find nothing better to offer to the civilised world as "an interesting and new attraction" than this hideous iron scaffolding is a portentous phenomenon presaging artistic decadence. It appears that, contrary to what has been stated in some newspapers, the fêtes in celebration of the centenary of the French Revolution are by no means to be neglected. On the contrary, M. Lockroy, the Minister of Commerce and Industry, is elaborating grandiose projects. These fêtes, however, will be quite independent of the Universal Exhibition.

It is some time since we heard any news about M. Pasteur and his prophylactic treatment of rabies. Last week he read a memoir before the Academy of Sciences which contains several points of general interest. Oct. 26, 1885, M. Pasteur made known his treatment, and his determination to apply it to human beings. Up to Oct. 31, 1886, 2490 persons, of whom eighty were English, had been subjected to his treatment. M. Pasteur, out of this total, selects the 1700 cases of French patients who have been inoculated, and shows that ten only have died of hydrophobia. During the last five years sixty persons died of hydrophobia in the hospitals of Paris, making on an average twelve a year. Since Nov. 1, 1885, only three persons died of rabies, of whom two were not inoculated. At present the treatment is more intense and rapid than it was at the beginning, experience having shown that violent bites and violent infection must be combatted by violent counter-virus. The Academy of Sciences encouraged M. Pasteur to persevere in his researches.

The Provençal poet, Aubanel, died last week, at the age of fifty-seven. Aubanel, with Mistral and Roumanille, was one of the leaders in that renaissance of Provençal literature which has become so important within the past forty years. Of the three, Aubanel was the most independent; he was a poet of love and passion—a sort of Provençal Petrarch. His masterpiece is the "Miougrano Entreduberto," or "Half-opened Pomegranate," published at Avigno in 1860 with a French translation.

The admirers of Wagner will read with interest M. Adolphe Jullien's *Wagner, sa Vie et ses Euvres*, which has just appeared, with over a hundred illustrations, including fourteen original compositions by Fantin-Latour, inspired by Wagner's greatest works. The author, M. Jullien, is an ardent Wagnerite; nevertheless, he does his best to be impartial, and often succeeds.—Next week there will be an election at the French Academy to replace the late Comte De Falloux. Strange to say, no purely literary man is a candidate. The only two rivals are M. Gréard, who is a high University functionary and an eminent pedagogue, and the Comte d'Haussonville, who is a mediocre descendant of an Academic family, which counts Madame De Staél amongst its ancestors.—The Didots have just published a curious compilation by M. Rouxel, *Chroniques des Elections à l'Académie Française* from 1634 to 1841. It appears from this book that the French Academy has never succeeded in avoiding criticism in its choice of members.

T. C.
The Italian Parliament is summoned to meet on the 23rd inst. There will be no Speech from the Throne.

The Belgian Chambers were opened on Tuesday by the King, who in the course of his speech referred to the recent disorders at Liège and Charleroi, and said the Government would bring forward various measures of reform affecting the working classes. A demonstration was made in Brussels by 800 women from Charleroi, who wished to present a petition to the Queen of the Belgians asking for the pardon of the March rioters. The Burgomaster promised to lay it before the Chamber.

Great interest has been excited in German Court circles by the marriage, which took place last Saturday at Weimar, of the Duke John Albert of Mecklenburg-Schwerin with the Princess Elizabeth of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach. The German Crown Prince returned from Italy to attend the ceremony. The bride is the youngest of the three children of the Grand Duke, and she was born in 1856. She will inherit a large

fortune. The Crown Prince has returned to Berlin, and the Crown Princess and her family are expected back from Italy at the close of this week.—The German Parliament has been summoned to meet on the 25th inst.

The Austrian and Hungarian Delegations were formally received by the Emperor of Austria last Saturday. His Majesty referred to the events in Bulgaria, and expressed the hope that, notwithstanding the difficulty of the situation, peace would be preserved.

The bill for the conversion of the Danish National Debt was passed without a division in the Folkething.

Mr. Chamberlain had an interview yesterday week with the Sultan, and, according to Constantinople correspondents, recommended that Turkey should be opened to the enterprise of foreign capitalists. The Sultan expressed his readiness to encourage such enterprise, and said that all his efforts would be devoted to improving the general condition of affairs in his dominions. With regard to Egypt, the Sultan expressed a hope that a good understanding between his Government and England would be maintained.

The Bulgarian Government yesterday week granted an amnesty to the soldiers who took part in the deposition of Prince Alexander, thus exceeding the demand which was made by General Kaulbars. At a secret sitting of the Sobranje on Tuesday night, it was decided, after a debate of three hours, to elect Prince Waldemar as Prince of Bulgaria, the election to take place on Wednesday.

President Cleveland visited Harvard College on Monday to attend the celebration of the 250th anniversary of its foundation. Mr. Russell Lowell gave an address of welcome, to which the President briefly replied. Sir Lyon Playfair was among the guests.—The jury empanelled in the case of Mr. McCabe, the Alderman who took a bribe in connection with the Broadway Railroad, has found him insane.—Twelve thousand men employed in the packing-houses and stockyards of Chicago have struck work.—Many parts of the country have been visited by snowstorms, accompanied on the lakes and along the coast by tempests which have caused several disasters.

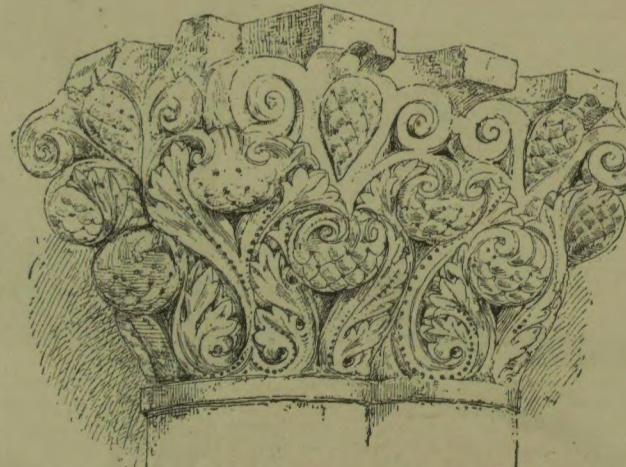
The Winnipeg Exhibition has proved a big success. This year's exhibit of agricultural produce has never been equalled. The display of live stock was the finest ever seen, some of the best grades of shorthorn cattle in the world being exhibited.—The *Standard* publishes a long letter, in which Mr. Fielding, the Premier of Nova Scotia, asserts, on behalf of his province, its right and its desire to secede from the Canadian Dominion.

Sir Arthur Havelock communicated to the Natal Council, on Thursday week, the provisions of the agreement respecting Zululand concluded with the Boer Republic and sanctioned by the Home Government. The Natal Legislative Council have passed a series of resolutions, declaring that the interests of Natal were ignored in the negotiations concerning Zululand.

The Viceroy of India on Thursday week received the members of the Afghan Boundary Commission at Lahore, and conferred a decoration upon Sir W. Ridgeway. Lord Dufferin expressed his belief that the Ameer of Afghanistan would show the same wisdom and moderation in regard to the only remaining point in dispute as he had exhibited during the proceedings of the Commission.—The Viceroy arrived at Baroda on Monday afternoon, and was received with great pomp by the Gaekwar. Visits of ceremony were afterwards exchanged between his Highness and Lord Dufferin. The day was observed as a public holiday. On Tuesday evening the Viceroy opened a new hospital, and afterwards inspected some troops. Later, his Excellency attended a state banquet given by the Gaekwar, who proposed Lord Dufferin's health, and also requested the Viceroy to present his respects to the Prince of Wales. Lord Dufferin, in his reply, passed a warm eulogy on the Gaekwar. The city was again illuminated in honour of the Viceregal visit, and there was another display of fireworks. The Viceroy left at daybreak on Wednesday for Goa.

A JERUSALEM RELIC.

The Palestine Exploration Fund Committee have come into possession of an architectural relic found at Jerusalem, which is shown in our Illustration. It is a double capital, of Parian marble, which seems to have belonged to a couple of pillars standing close together, perhaps in the arcade of a cloister. It is a beautiful specimen of the Byzantine style of art, and has



CAPITAL OF A PILLAR FOUND AT JERUSALEM BY THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.

been examined by Professor Hayter Lewis and Mr. R. Pullan, who consider it to be of the eighth or ninth century. The ornamentation is a small Ionic volute, with sculptured foliage beneath, apparently the conventional form of vine-leaf, with grapes. There is, recently affixed by Canon Liddon in the south aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral, a fragment of a similar volute, with an inscription on a copper plate stating that it belonged to the Jewish Temple at Jerusalem. This supposition may be questionable; but the Palestine Exploration Fund is always on the alert for whatever may aid correct knowledge of such antiquities; and we would again commend it to public support. The marble fragment may be seen at the offices in Adam-street, Adelphi.

Miss Alice Lowe, a Blackpool lady, but a native of Rivington, near Bolton, who died recently, has bequeathed £4500 to the Bolton Infirmary; £1000 to found an infirmary for Blackpool; £500 to the Royal Albert Asylum, Lancaster; and £100 each to the branches of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution at Blackpool, Lytham, and St. Annes-on-the-Sea. She also bequeaths legacies to Unitarian chapels at Rivington and Blackpool, and also for the good of the former place.

DEATH OF FRED. ARCHER.

The most celebrated jockey of the day, Fred. Archer, died on Monday, in a terrible manner, in the thirtieth year of his age. At the end of last week, after riding at Lewes Races, where he seemed to have taken cold on Thursday, he was laid up, at his home, Falmouth House, Newmarket, with typhoid fever. He became delirious, and, though carefully nursed and watched by his sister, Mrs. Colman, on Monday afternoon he got out of bed, unobserved for a moment, took a revolver which he kept in the room, and fired it into his mouth. Temporary insanity, caused by his disease, is the only explanation. He died before a surgeon could arrive; the bullet had gone through his head and out at the back, between the ears. He was a widower, left with one child, a little girl, two years ago.

Archer was the son of a well-known steeplechase rider, an innkeeper at Cheltenham, who won the Liverpool Grand National in 1858. When only about twelve years of age, he was bound apprentice to Matthew Dawson, the trainer, soon after the latter had left the employ of Mr. James Merry, at Lambourne. Archer from his childhood had evinced considerable aptitude for riding; but he did not appear in the saddle at a race meeting until 1870, when he rode a mare, called Athol Daisy, at Chesterfield. It was not, however, until 1872 that he came into prominent notice. In the autumn of that year he won the Cesarewitch for Mr. Radcliffe, with Salvano, carrying the feather-weight of 5 st. 7 lb. His excellent horsemanship on that occasion attracted the attention of Lord Falmouth, whose horses were trained in the stable where he was apprenticed, and next year his services as a light-weight were in great demand. So well did he ride that Lord Falmouth entrusted him with the mount on Atlantic for the Two Thousand Guineas of 1874, though he had to put up a great deal of dead weight. From that day to this he has during thirteen successive seasons been at the head of the list of winning jockeys. Season after season, he was credited with upwards of 200 victories, and though in 1880 his score fell to 120, as he was unable to ride for a long time owing to an injury to one of his arms, he has since then gone from triumph to triumph, winning 210 races in 1882, 232 in 1883, 241 in 1884, and 246 in 1885, these two last totals being higher than those achieved by any other jockey of the past or the present. He had, though still in advance of all other jockeys, been less successful this season, as he had ridden only 170 winners out of 512 mounts. His successes in the great three-year-old races did not end with those achieved for Lord Falmouth, and it so happened that in 1880 and 1881 Lord Falmouth had nothing of sufficient merit in the Derby to prevent Archer accepting the mount upon Bend Or and Iroquois. His greatest victories this year have been on Ormonde, for, though he rode Saraband in the Two Thousand Guineas, he steered the Duke of Westminster's colt to victory in the Derby, the St. Leger, and several other races; while he also rode Minting in the Grand Prix de Paris, a race which he had also won on Mr. Rymill's Bruce in 1882. On the 15th of last month Archer visited Ireland for the purpose of riding Cambusmore for Lord Londonderry in the Lord Lieutenant's Plate at the Curragh. He attained the object of his visit, as Cambusmore won the race easily on the following Thursday, and, after a couple of other mounts on the same afternoon, he returned home. In order to ride St. Mirin for the Cambridgeshire at something like the horse's handicapped weight of 8 st. 6 lb., Archer fasted for more than twenty-four hours, spent part of the night before the race in the Turkish bath which he had had fitted up at his residence, and took severe medicine; yet even so he could not quite get down to the weight. This effort may have cost him his life, for it left him in such a weak state of health that after riding at Brighton, and on the first day of Lewes last week he was compelled to relinquish his professional duties and seek rest at home. It is a sad end to a brilliant career. Archer is computed to have ridden 2749 winning races, the Derby five times, the St. Leger six times; and, though Jem Robinson and Scott, respectively, had won those two great races once oftener than he, no other jockey had such an "all-round" record as the late Fred. Archer.

The Venerable Marchioness of Westminster, mother of the Duke, entered upon her ninetieth year on Monday.

Vice-Chancellor Bacon, in the presence of all the Judges, took leave of the Bar last Wednesday, on his resignation of his post as the last of the Vice-Chancellors.

Mr. A. J. Balfour took the oath of office as Secretary of State for Scotland on Thursday week in the Court of Sessions, Edinburgh, and received a number of deputations.

Among the flood of publications to instruct or amuse that issue from the press at this season *Hood's Comic Annual* holds its accustomed place, full, as usual, of an agreeable mixture of fun, fancy, and sober thought.

The Civil Service Life-Boat Fund has recently presented to the National Life-Boat Institution a fifth life-boat, which formed part of the Lord Mayor's Show on Tuesday, and is to be placed at Maryport, in Cumberland.

Last week 2556 births and 1332 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 366 and the deaths 284 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

The Halifax Town Council resolved, on Tuesday, to buy the Bankfield estate, formerly the residence of Mr. Edward Akroyd, the borough member, for a public park, to be called Akroyd Park. The purchase is effected for £6000.

Tuesday's *Gazette* contains a Royal proclamation establishing a new naval and military order of distinction, to be styled the "Distinguished Service Order." This order will rank next after the Order of the Indian Empire.

Lord Aberdare delivered his address on the opening of the session of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday night, in the Library of the University of London, at Burlington House. There was a good attendance of Fellows of the Society and many ladies. He described the recent explorations in Central Western Africa, Alaska, and New Guinea; and Mr. Buchanan read a paper on the physical phenomena of the great oceans.

The Archbishop of Armagh has been presented at Delfast, by the clergy and laity of various Protestant denominations, with a silver salver and a purse of five hundred sovereigns, in appreciation of the manner in which for thirty-seven years he filled the office of Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore. The Primate has also been presented with an address from the Bishops whom he ordained during his episcopate in Down, Connor, and Dromore.

The first meeting of the Royal Commission for the Adelaide Jubilee International Exhibition of 1887 took place at the Horse Guards on Monday, the president, the Duke of Cambridge, in the chair. It was resolved that the secretary, Sir Herbert Bruce Sandford, should proceed to Adelaide in March next as the official representative of the Commission, and remain throughout the whole period of the Exhibition, and as in the case of the Melbourne Exhibition of 1880-1, watch over the interests of British exhibitors. The offices of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition are at 11, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

THE LATE PROFESSOR GUTHRIE.

The death of Dr. F. Guthrie, Professor of Physics at the Royal School of Mines and the Normal School of Science, occurred on the 21st inst., and is much regretted by those interested in science, as well as by numerous personal friends. He was born in London, in 1833, and received the scientific part of his education in Germany, chiefly at Marburg and at Heidelberg. As a young man, Dr. Guthrie was assistant in the chemical laboratories of the University of Edinburgh and Owen's College, Manchester; and in 1861 he became Professor of Physics in the Mauritius. He was the author of an excellent text-book of electricity and magnetism, and of many scientific memoirs, chemical and physical. His researches were distinguished by much originality, dealing with obscure problems in molecular physics, and adding to our vocabulary of scientific terms. Professor Guthrie was a leading member of the Physical Society, which held its meetings in his lecture-room at South Kensington. A short time ago he delivered, before the Society of Arts, a course of lectures, in which he dealt, in a characteristic manner, with the demands of scientific education.

Glossop is about to receive several very munificent gifts, amounting to about £35,000. Mr. Daniel Wood, cotton manufacturer, offers to build a hospital at a cost of £5000, and to endow the institution with £20,000; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wood announce their intention of erecting public baths, and endowing them; and Captain Partington, paper manufacturer, gives £2000, supplementary to £2000 previously given by Mr. Herbert Rhodes, cotton manufacturer, towards a free library and townhall.



THE LATE DR. F. GUTHRIE.

GUY FAWKES DAY AT THE BAHAMAS.

It may, perhaps, surprise some of our readers to learn that the Fifth of November, as the Gunpowder Plot anniversary, is observed not only in England, but is annually celebrated with enthusiasm in the West Indies. In the little city of Nassau, the capital of the scattered coral islands that form the archipelago of the Bahamas, on the soft and balmy November evening devoted to execrating the memory of Guy Fawkes, the negroes, attired in broad-brimmed palm-leaf hats, and garments of white calico or bright print, assemble with torches of pine-wood, and bear the effigy of the conspirator in solemn procession, preceded by fifes and drums through the principal streets. After this parade, the figure is suspended from a gibbet erected beside the clear waters that bathe the feet of old Fort Charlotte, commanding the entrance to the harbour. The canopy that hung over the effigy is burnt in a large bonfire, that lights up with picturesque effect the stalwart forms of the negro men and the graceful figures of the women; while the glare of the firelight brings into strong relief the stately crowns of neighbouring cocoa-nut palms and the tall flower-stems of the sedate aloes.

This celebration is evidently regarded as a serious and important ceremony; and the scene is generally free from any drawback in the shape of drunkenness or rowdiness amongst the loyal and good-humoured "darkies" of Nassau.

The Bishop of Ripon announces, with reference to the Wakefield Bishopric Fund, that "Sister Katherine" has written to offer £500, provided six other donors in the Deanery of Leeds will do the same.



EVICTION NOTICES AT KILLARNEY.



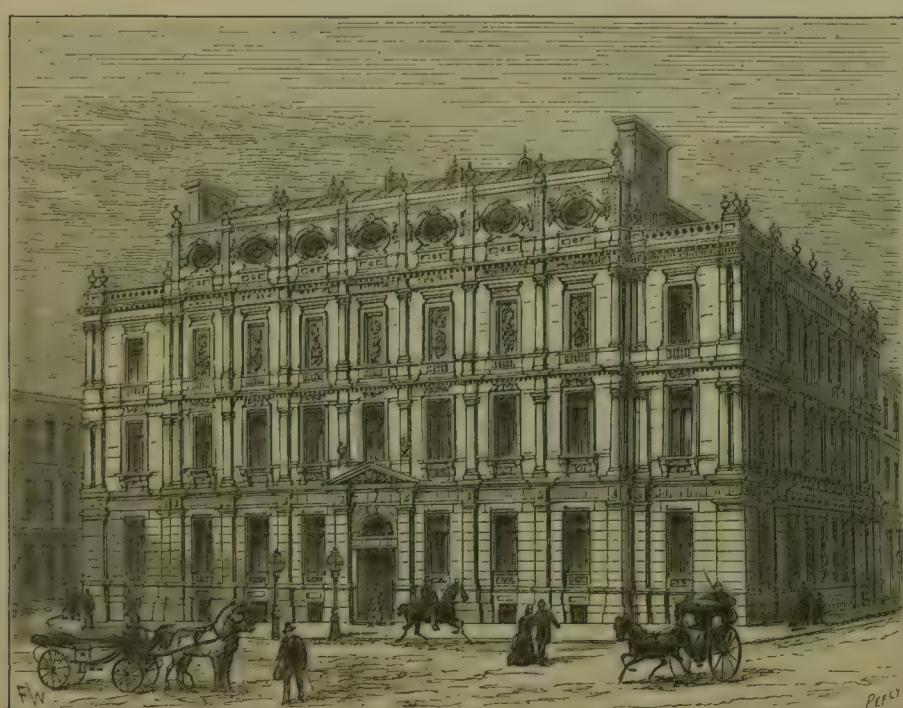
EVICTED TENANTS' WARD IN NEW ROSS WORKHOUSE, WEXFORD.



GUY FAWKES AT NASSAU, BAHAMAS.



PORT CASTRIES, ST. LUCIA, WEST INDIES.



GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC, THAMES EMBANKMENT, BLACKFRIARS.

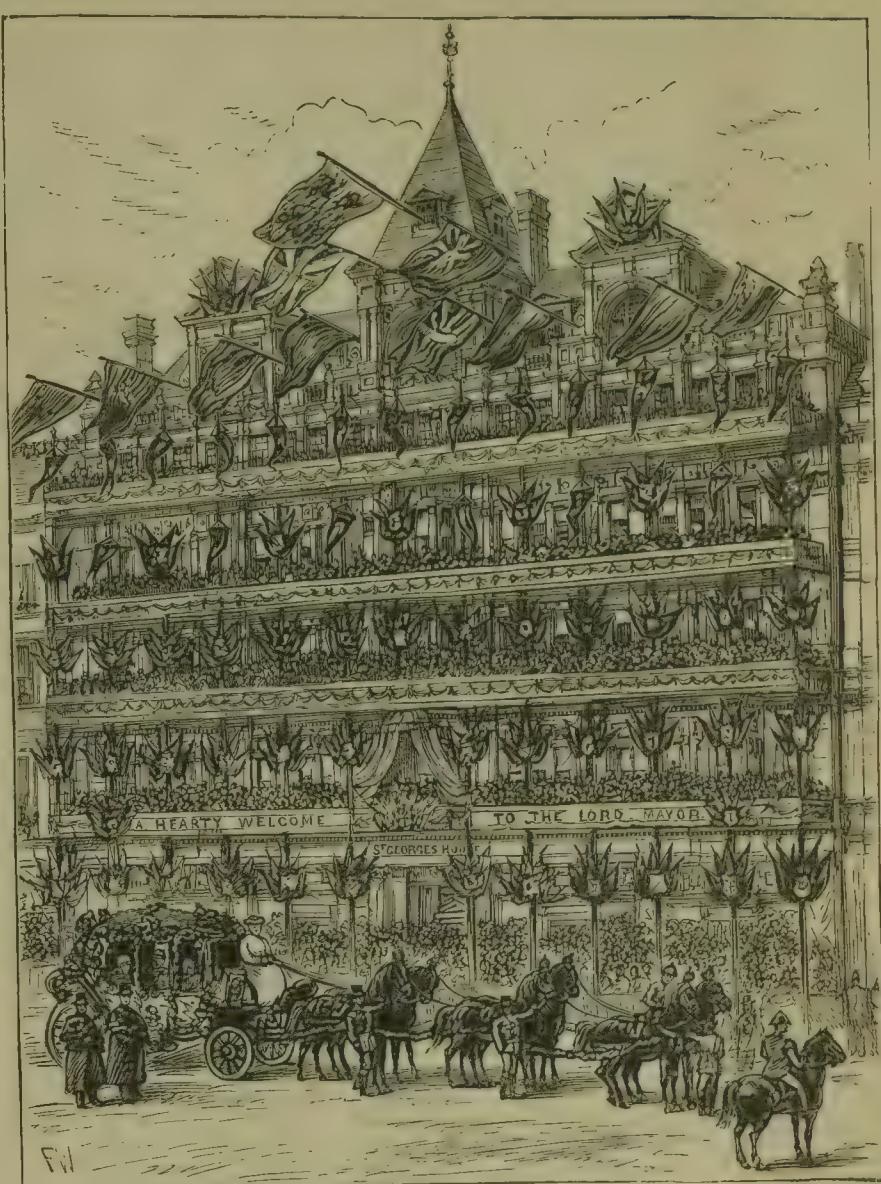


GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC, PRACTICE-ROOM.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW IN THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION YEAR.



GREAT BRITAIN.



LORD MAYOR RECEIVING AN ADDRESS AT ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, EASTCHEAP.



AUSTRALIA.



WEST INDIES AND CAPE.



CANADA.



INDIA.

THE GUILDFORD SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

We give an illustration of the new building for this institution, which was established by the City Corporation in 1880. It supplies, at a very low scale of fees, high-class instruction in the art and science of music, in solo singing, choral singing, pianoforte, violin, and other instrument playing, both for the chamber and orchestra; harmony, counterpoint, canon, and fugue composition; Italian, French, and German; and elocution. Mr. H. West Hill is the Principal, and there is a numerous list of competent professors. The site of the new building comprises an area of 8000 square feet, and is situated on the Victoria Embankment, near to Tudor-street. It has three frontages to new roads recently formed on that land. The building consists of four floors, and contains forty-two class-rooms in all. There is in the basement a common room for professors, two cloak-rooms, stores, &c. The ground floor is approached by a spacious vestibule and lobby, on the right of which are two rooms for principal or committee, whilst on the left are the secretary's offices; all the other rooms are class-rooms. All the rooms on first floor, excepting one room, which is devoted to the lady superintendent, are class-rooms. The second floor has a practice-room, 70 ft. by 28 ft., designed by the same architect (though, of course, much smaller), somewhat on the lines of the large concert hall of the well-remembered Surrey Gardens, believed to be one of the finest concert rooms in London for its acoustic properties. There are also on this floor two large class-rooms for harmony classes, an organ practice room, library, and secretary's residence, which residence is approached from the street by a private entrance and staircase. The building on three of its sides fronts on to streets, and is constructed on a granite plinth, and the elevations are of three orders of Portland stone, the lowest—technically termed the basement, but, in fact, the ground storey—is with rusticated pilasters; the first floor is of Doric order, and the second floor of Ionic order, being of a more graceful character. The niches or blank windows on this floor forming a screen wall, as necessitated by the requirements of the practice-room, are treated with incised ornaments representing various musical emblems; thus, as a whole, it forms a design treated as academic Italian, making a quiet yet graceful building adapted to the purpose, and indicative of the art to which it is devoted. The

special requirement of fittings and internal arrangement have received great attention; two staircases are provided the whole height of the building; each class-room has a separate ventilating flue, so as to avoid any communication from one to the other; and double doors and double sashes are provided, so that the corridors may be kept quiet. All the rooms are heated by open fire-places, and the corridors and practice-room by hot water. The building has been erected by the Corporation of London from the designs and under the superintendence of Sir Horace Jones, the City Architect, and Past President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, at a cost of £22,000.

The sum of £10,000 has been left by the late Mr. John Lucas Walker to found a scholarship at Cambridge University.

The Rev. Dr. Cunningham, Crieff, was last Saturday installed in the Principalship of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, in the room of the late Principal Tulloch.

The Rev. Canon Kirkpatrick, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, has been appointed Warburtonian Lecturer at Lincoln's Inn Chapel.

After a keen contest, the Southport Club beat the Manchester Caledonian in the final tie of the great curling tournament held within the Southport Glaciarum.

The championship four-oared race for £200, between Hanlan's and Bubear's crews, over a course from Battersea to Hammersmith, was on Monday won by Hanlan's crew.

Captain George Digby Moran, naval officer in charge at Hong-Kong, has been awarded a good service pension of £150 a year, in succession to Capt. G. Parsons, placed on the retired list.

At St. John's College, Cambridge, on Monday the following gentlemen were elected to fellowships:—Mr. Duncan Mackenzie Kerby, B.A., bracketed ninth Wrangler, 1884; Mr. Augustus Edward Hough Love, B.A., second Wrangler, 1885; and Mr. Joseph Robson Tanner, M.A.

The First Commissioner of Works has set aside a portion of Regent's Park for football, in addition to the ground on Primrose-hill hitherto appropriated to that game. The new football ground is that portion of the park allotted to Volunteer drill in summer. It will be reserved for matches only.

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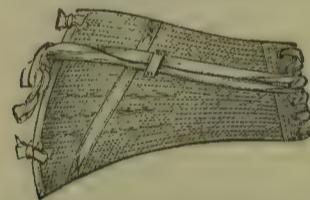
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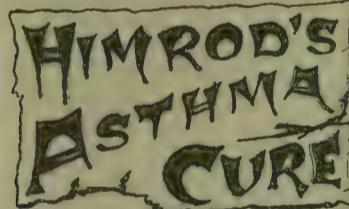


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"The good old rule, the simple plan,



"That they may take who have the power,



"And they shall keep, who can."

"THE GOOD OLD RULE."

"The Way of the World," vulgarly understood to be the way of greedy selfishness and of unfair appropriation by superior force or cunning, is a commonplace theme with the lowest expediency school of practical moralists, who begin and end with Number One in their calculations of the interests affected by any line of conduct. This most ancient and widely accepted philosophy is ironically cited by Wordsworth, in his poem referring to Robin Hood and Rob Roy:

For why? because the good old rule
Suffices them, the simple plan;
That they may take who have the power,
And they shall keep, who can.

It is a bestial kind of morality, very fit for the dog, the cat, and the magpie, and for great military Empires, which are in the Bible prophetically figured as beasts. Our Artist has watched the behaviour of these domestic animals, and the nefarious transaction he has delineated is quite in character. But there is a deal of human nature in some quadrupeds and birds—or else, a deal of brutality in some of mankind.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the late Miss Elizabeth Ollivant, of Symonstone Hall, near Burnley, Lancaster, was proved in the District Registry at Lancaster, on Sept. 29 last, by William Dugdale, the brother-in-law, Mary Ollivant Dugdale, the niece, and John Champion Needham, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £140,000. The testatrix bequeaths several legacies and annuities to relatives and friends, and gives the residue of her estate, both real and personal, to William Dugdale, for life, and afterwards to be divided equally amongst his children.

The will (dated May 25, 1886) of Mr. John William Eccles, late of No. 5, Stafford-terrace, Kensington, barrister-at-law, who died on Sept. 13 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by John Eccles, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £72,000. The testator leaves some property at Clayton-le-Dale, Lancashire, and £2000 to his cousin, William Eccles; his freehold property at Park-place, Blackburn, with his interest in a freehold cotton mill, the residue of his freehold and copyhold property, and £2000 to his nephew, Frederic Marriner Aston; £4000, upon trust, for his nephew, Reginald Joseph Aston; £7000 to his sister, Jane Helen Eccles; £2000 to his cousin, John Eccles; £1000 to his brother-in-law, Joseph Keech Aston; and legacies to his executors, servants, and others. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his nieces and nephews, Mrs. Florence Lucy Oliphant Norman, Evelyn Alice Aston, Emily Alicia Aston, and Frederic Marriner Aston, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 7, 1885) of Mr. William Crofton, M.D., J.P., late of Cheltenham, and of Lakefield, in the county of Leitrim, who died on May 23 last, at Teignmouth, Devon, was proved at the Gloucester District Registry on the 23rd ult. by Mrs. Fanny Emilia Crofton, the widow, the acting executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testator gives to his wife £1200 and his house at Cheltenham, with the furniture and effects; he also gives her the use, for life, of all his plate and plated articles; to his nephew Major Henry Crofton, £300; and there are bequests to his brother, sister, and godchildren. His house at Lakefield, with the furniture and effects, his Irish estates, and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his wife, for life; at her death he bequeaths £400 to his nephew William Jones Crofton, and settles his Irish estates and the residue of his property on his nephew Duke Crofton.

The will (dated May 20, 1878), with a codicil (dated June 2, 1886), of Mr. William Newton, late of Hull, and of No. 8, Leadenhall-street, steam-ship owner, and of No. 63, Haverstock-hill, who died on June 16 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Alfred James Newton, the brother, Zebedee Scaping, and William Holiday, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ellen Newton, and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, or widowhood, and then for all his children.

The will (dated April 5, 1881), of Lieutenant-General Thomas Fourness Wilson, C.B., who died on Feb. 28 last, at Barrackpore, in India, was proved on the 16th ult. by Mathew Amcott Wilson, and Morton Thomas Wilson, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife, Mrs. Annette Isabelle Wilson; and there are one or two other bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; and at her death for all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 3, 1862) of Mr. Arthur Kensington, late of No. 22, Gloucester-place, Hyde Park-gardens, who died on Sept. 27 last, at Lyme Regis, was proved on the 19th ult. by Mrs. Rebecca Kensington, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £11,000. The testator bequeaths all his property, real or personal, to his wife.

The will (dated March 25, 1876) of Mrs. Isabella Maria Christiana Prescott, late of No. 53, Gloucester-place, Hyde Park, who died on Sept. 6 last, at Hove, was proved on the 25th ult. by Colonel Richard Prescott Dicic and Charles Edmund Aitkin, the executors. The testatrix bequeaths legacies to her executors, and, subject thereto, leaves all her real and personal estate, upon trust, for her daughters, Emily Harriette, Amy Katherine, and Florence Maria.

THE LANDED GENTRY.

The landed gentry, appropriately designated "The Untitled Aristocracy of England, Scotland, and Ireland," well deserves such a record as the one before us—*History of the Landed Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland*, by Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., two volumes (Harrison and Sons). In point of fact, the possession of land, as the author correctly states, has been the test of rank and position from the Norman era to this day. No doubt the vicissitudes of fortune frequently involve the transfer of estates, the ruin of great houses, and the introduction of new men to old acres; still, the landed ancestral influence endures. In a general view, Sir Bernard Burke points out how in each county many of the ancient families remain, such as the Scropes, Foljambe, Giffards, Towneleys, Cliftons, Wilbrahams, Fitz Herberts, Wyndhams, Bassets, Carews, Blounts, Heneages, Shaftes, Nevilles, besides hundreds of others; and to every one of these he devotes especial care. The more modern proprietors, founders of families, looking more to the future than to the past, are also fully described.

Burke's "Peerage and Baronetage" and "Landed Gentry," supplying information sought for on so many occasions, have become of absolute necessity in every well-stored library and well-furnished drawing-room.

The Clothworkers' Company have contributed £25 per annum for three years to the fund for the endowment of Oxford University Extension Lecturers.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
D A (Dublin).—A very welcome contribution for Christmas week. Thanks.
L K H (Arcachon).—We do not pay for problems; indeed, we have more in hand than we know what to do with.
S M (St. Petersburg).—You can send solutions in the Russian notation. There is no mate in the position described on your diagram, as Black can interpose the Pawn at Kt 5th.
J S (Exeter).—We shall be glad at all times to receive your opinion of our problems. In this case, as the problem is *sub judice*, we express no opinion.
H B (Barnstaple).—Very glad to hear from you again. The problem shall appear in due course.
H E R W A R D (Oxford).—The notice referred to a question of yours about a note to a game published by us some time ago. They appear below.

C O R R E C T S O L U T I O N S O F P R O B L E M S N o s . 2 2 1 2 , 2 2 1 3 , a n d 2 2 1 4 r e c e i v e d f r o m O H B u t e (R i c h m o n d , C a p e o f G o o d H o p e); o f N o . 2 2 1 9 f r o m W J G r e e n w o o d , T M a c M a h o n C r e a n (L i m e r i c k); E L G , E m i l e F r a u , W o o d l i f f e , S w i n t o n ; o f 2 2 1 9 , 2 2 2 0 , a n d 2 2 2 1 f r o m P i e r e J o n e s ; o f N o . 2 2 2 0 f r o m F A O (L i s b o n) , P e t e r h o u s e , A H P a r k e r (S y d n e y) , E L G , L i e u t e n a n t - C o l o n e l F L o r a i n e , S w i n t o n , R e v W i n n e l d C o o p e r , a n d T h o m a s L e t c h f o r d .

C O R R E C T S O L U T I O N S O F P R O B L E M N o . 2 2 2 1 r e c e i v e d f r o m T S L i n d s a y , S h a d f o r t , L F a l c o n (A n t w e r p) , H e r w a r d , C O w a l d , T R o b e r t s , E F r a t h e r s t o n e , H W a r d e l l , E L o u d e n , C o m m a n d e r W L M a r t i n (R N X) , S B u l l e n , C E P , W J G r e e n w o o d , E S S , R L S o u t h w e l l , T M a c M a h o n , C r e a n , E m i l e F r a u , W o o d l i f f e , J u p i t e r J u n i o r , S R O l i v i e r , E C a s s e l a (P a r i s) , H L u c a s , J u h a S h o r t , E B l u b r y , N S H a r r i s , C D a r r a g h , J H a l l , P e t e r h o u s e , C l o m b u s , A C H u n t , O t t o F u l d e r , W H e a t c o t e , L H a r s w o o d , E r n e s t S h a r w o o d , W A P , R T w e d d l e , B R W o o d , H T H , J o s e p h A i n s w o r t h , N e r i n a , R e v W i n n e l d C o o p e r , W H i l l i e r , W R B a i l l e m , H B R o o k s , T h o m a s C h o w n , O l i v e r I c h i n g , W H D H e n c y , W D W i g h t , L i t t l e B u t s , E B S c h w a n n , R J (P o r t a d o w n) , H Z (M a n c h e s t e r) , T G (W a r e) , G W L a w , a n d E n N e v i - 1 .

N O T E .—We have received several proposed solutions of the tourney problems; but, as in some cases they differ from the author's, we defer acknowledgment of the names of the solvers until next week.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2220.

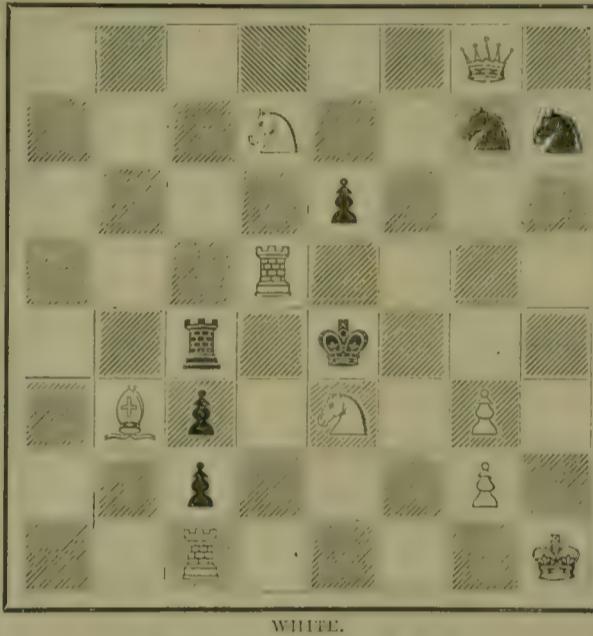
W H I T E . 1. R to K 7th 2. Q mates.

B L A C K . Any move

PROBLEM NO. 2223.

By E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.

B L A C K .



White to play, and mate in two moves.

One of eight Games played by Mr. BLACKBURNE, simultaneously and *sans voir*, at the Atheneum, Manchester, on the 30th ult.

(French Defence.)

W H I T E . (Mr. Blackb. n.) B L A C K . (Mr. Hamel).
1. P to K 4th P to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
3. R to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
4. B to K Kt 5th B to K 2nd
5. B takes Kt B takes B
6. Kt to K B 3rd P takes P

Premature; this capture of the Pawn should be deferred until the game is well developed.

7. Kt takes P Castles
8. B to Q 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
9. P to Q B 3rd P to K R 3rd
10. Q to K 2nd B to K 2nd
11. Castles (Q R) B to Q 5rd
12. P to K Kt 4th

The attack here commenced is pursued with undaunting energy to the end.

12. Q to K 2nd P takes P
13. P to Kt 5th P takes P
14. Q Kt takes P B to Q 3rd
15. R to Kt 5th Kt to Q 3rd
16. Q Kt takes P R to K 4th
17. P to Kt 4th R to B 3rd
18. P to R 5th Kt to B 2nd
19. R to Kt 5th Q takes R
20. P to R 6th R takes P
21. R takes R B takes R
22. Kt to K 5th Q to K 5th
23. R to Kt 6th B to Q 2nd
24. Q to R 5th K to R 2nd

A beautiful coup. Played, let the reader remember, without sight of the board, while conducting seven other games under the same condition.

25. R to Kt 6th Q to K 5th
26. B to Kt 3rd P to Q R 4th
27. Kt to B 7th

The transfer of the Bishop to this diagonal marks how clear is the mental vision of the blindfold player.

28. R to Kt 6th B to K 5th
29. Q to K 6th (ch) K to Kt 5th
30. Kt takes B (ch) K to R 5th
31. Q takes K P to R 4th
32. Kt to B 7th (ch) K to R 2nd

If 22. B takes Kt, then follows a forced exchange of Queens, leaving White with an easy winning game.

33. Q takes P (ch) P to Kt 3rd
34. Q takes K B (ch) Checkmate.

"A little bit of Murphy," characteristic of Mr. Blackb. n.'s play, and leading to a masterly finish.

35. B to B 2nd P takes Q
36. B to B 2nd Checkmate.

Another of the eight Games. In this partie Mr. BLACKBURNE is opposed by one of the strongest provincial amateurs, Mr. T. VON ZABERN, of Manchester.

(Allgaier Gambit.)

W H I T E . (Mr. Blackb. n.) B L A C K . (Mr. Von Z.).
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd P to K Kt 4th
4. P to K R 4th P to Kt 5th
5. Kt to K 5th B to K 2nd

Good enough; but we prefer 5. B to Kt 2nd.

6. C B to B 4th P to Q 4th
7. B takes P B takes P (ch)
8. K to B 5th Kt to K R 3rd
9. P to Q 4th B to Kt 4th
10. Kt to Q B 3rd P to Q B 3rd
11. B to Kt 3rd Q to B 3rd
12. Q to Q 3rd Castles
13. B to Q 2nd Kt to Q R 3rd
14. K to Kt 5th Kt to Q B 2nd
15. R to K B 5th Kt to K 3rd
16. Kt to Q 5th R to Q 5th
17. B to B 3rd Kt to Q B 4th

Black does well to get rid of the adverse Bishop.

18. Q to K 2nd Kt takes B P to Q Kt 4th
19. R P takes Kt P to Q Kt 4th

and White resigned.

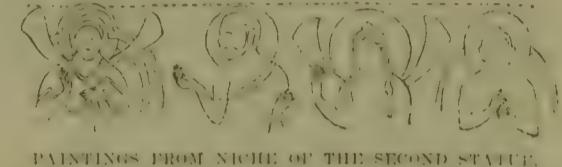
A great tournament of 130 competitors was commenced at the City of London Chess Club, Salutation Tavern, Newgate-street, on the 27th ult. The players are classed in ten sections, thirteen to each section, and every competitor is to play one game with every other member of his section. Any gentleman presenting his card to the honorary secretary, Mr. George Adamson, will be admitted to witness the play, which is fixed for the evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday in each week until the conclusion of the tournament.

Another match for the Baldwin-Hoffer trophy was played on the 3rd inst., between the Atheneum and Ludgate Clubs. The first-named won by 5½ points to 4½. There were ten players a side.

Mr. B. F. Stevens, of No. 4, Trafalgar-square, requests us to announce that Messrs. Brentano, of New York, have instructed him to present to such chess clubs as desire the book the numbers of their *Chess Monthly* which he holds. There are no complete sets—twelve numbers only were published; but Mr. Stevens will give the largest number of the monthly parts to the first applicants.

THE ROCK-CUT STATUES OF BAMIAN.

We published last week the greater portion of an article written by Mr. William Simpson, our Special Artist who accompanied the earlier journeys of the Afghan Boundary Commission two years ago, describing the curious monuments of antiquity, Buddhist statues and shrines, and monastic cells or artificial caves, at Bamiyan, on the road over the Paromis mountain range, between Balkh and Cabul. The accompanying illustrations were drawn by Mr. Simpson from sketches sent to him by Captain the Hon. M. G. Talbot, R.E., and Captain P. J. Maitland, two officers of the Afghan Boundary Commission who visited Bamiyan in October, 1885. The one which we gave last week represented the largest of the statues, 173 ft. high, an image of Buddha, mentioned by the old Chinese travelling pilgrim, Hwen-Tsang, to whose account Mr. Simpson has referred. We now give the drawings of the second large statue, which is 120 ft. high, and of the face of the cliff on each hand, with the caves which are cut in it: also, the fourth statue; and here are some portions of the interior paintings in the niches and caves:



PAINTINGS FROM NICHE OF THE SECOND STATUE.



PAINTING FROM ROOF OF A CAVE NEAR THE S. COND STATUE.

The following is the concluding part of Mr. Simpson's notes upon this subject:—

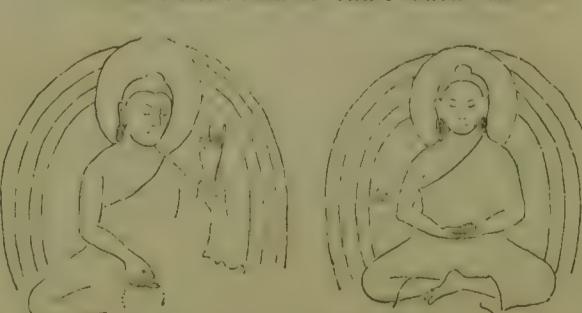
"There are Afghan villages in the valley, one of which can be seen in the View of the caves near the second statue. From the Mussulman legend that the two largest figures were 'Lat and Munat,' the greater of them has generally been called the 'Male Idol'; and the second statue, the 'Female Idol.' The Chinese pilgrim says that the smaller figure was 'Sakya Buddha'; and Captain Maitland's drawing settles this point also, showing that Hwen-Tsang had correctly described it. There is another statement of the pilgrim which seems to be open to doubt. He says: 'It has been cast in different parts and joined together, and thus placed in a completed form as it stands.' Now, it will be seen that the folds of the drapery have all been finished with stucco, which would not have been the case if the figure had been only a block to support metallic castings; neither are there signs of any holes for pegs on which to have fixed the metal. Such holes are visible on the fourth statue, which appears to have no indications of drapery on it—hence it may be almost concluded that it was covered with metal, and that the pilgrim has only mistaken, when he wrote afterwards, the particular figure. The second statue can also be ascended, and Captain Maitland did so, coming out by an opening over the head, from which he measured the height with a tape-line, the result being 120 ft. The third statue has been estimated as being about 50 ft. or 60 ft. high, but it has almost entirely disappeared. The fourth statue is that of a sitting figure, and its main character has been already stated above; it is on the left of the second statue—an illustration of it is given with the caves round it. People dwell in most of the caves, and it will be seen in this View how some of them have been bricked up in front. The fifth statue is about a mile from the others, but through some misunderstanding it was not visited.

"The Chinese pilgrim describes a sleeping Buddha 1000 ft. long. This size is, no doubt, an exaggeration; but there is a long mass of rock or stones said by local legend to be a petrified serpent or dragon. This is about a mile or so from Bamiyan, thus agreeing, so far, with the pilgrim's story; and it is supposed to be the remains of the large figure of Buddha in his trance attaining Nirvana.

"The niches of the figures, as well as the caves, were originally painted; and fragments of these paintings still



PAINTING FROM NICHE OF THE FOURTH STATUE.



SKETCHES AT THE SCHOOL OF MUSKETRY, HYTHE.



"PRESENT"—KNEELING POSITION.



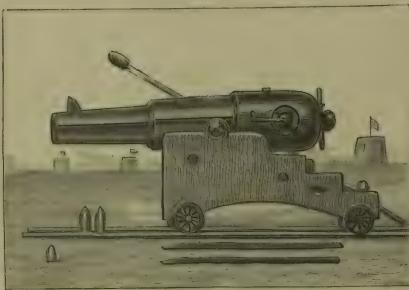
REST POSITION—STANDING.



MUSKETRY INSTRUCTION: TARGET PRACTICE—CAVALRY.



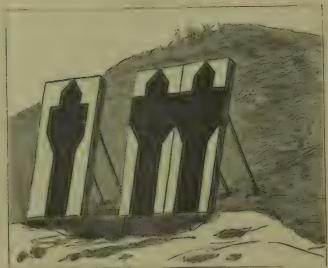
"READY"—STANDING POSITION.



MAJOR LUMLEY'S BREECH-LOADING CANNON.



STUDYING A BOOK OF INSTRUCTION—"A PUZZLER."



DISAPPEARING "DUMMY TARGETS" FOR FIELD FIRING.



IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.



INSTRUCTION WEAPON—"WASTE ACTION."



"READY"—LYING DOWN POSITION.



THE SCHOOL-OFFICERS' MESS-ROOM.



SECOND-CLASS TARGETS.

The School of Musketry, Hythe, was established in 1853 by Viscount Harcourt, G.C.B., then Commander-in-Chief of the Army, as a place of instruction for officers and non-commissioned officers in the theory and practice of musketry. In this the school has been most successful, and the science has gradually perfected and developed, and which are daily making musketry more learned and technical than ever; a brief outline of the course of instruction in the school of musketry at Hythe may be of interest. An active and specially selected staff of eight officers, under the Commandant and Inspector—General of Musketry, Colonel J. M. G. Tongue, have charge of the administration of the course. There are four courses in a year, each of six weeks' duration; and the training during that period consists of "blank firing" without ball—"target practice" in the open field, the distance being a mile and a half on the average to the westward of the town, at ranges varying from 150 to 1700 yards; "position drill" at miniature targets in the parade ground of the school, to insure accuracy in aiming; and lectures in the class-rooms, which are attended by both officers and sergeants. Each course is attended by 60 officers and 120 sergeants from the Line, Cavalry, and Engineers, and the number in the class corresponds for officers and sergeants respectively; and in order to obtain the highest class, both must pass out of the third class in the "individual" firing at long range, as well as in the "assaulting" and the "drill" as to theory by the Chief Instructor. A suitable manual is provided for the use of the candidates, and it is an uncommon occurrence to observe a man intently studying the little volume with as much interest as our Illustrations present. In the theoretical division of the instruction a remarkable looking weapon is used; it is depicted, drawn on the black board, "in our Artists' sketch book," and the two wires projecting from it represent the trajectory, or path, described by the bullet, and the "line of sight," which is a prolongation of the axis of the bore. Another model, called the "waste action," is studied

for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the form of the lock of the Martini-Henry. Among other details it is at Hythe that disappearing targets were first introduced, which have given great satisfaction. These (the invention of Mr. Clark, of Cambridge) consist of a number of iron plates arranged in a set, found on a shaft which is turned by a fly-wheel behind a mantlet. On the wheel being turned, these plates, representing the head and shoulder of a rifleman, appear above the rim of a trench for five seconds, during which time they are subjected to "independent" firing at short range, and then vanish, when another group of plates appear in their place. Another model introduced is the figure of a man mounted on a small iron truck, which is moved across the range by a system of chains.

The breech-loading cannon in our Illustration represents an invention of Major W. B. Lumley, which has been tested at Hythe, and is superior to the range without increase of charge, and can be adapted to all descriptions of ordnance. W. B. B.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

The Right Hon. George Stevens Byng, second Earl of Strafford, Viscount Enfield, and Baron Strafford, P.C., F.R.S., late Colonel West Middlesex Militia, died on the 29th ult., at Wrotham Park, near Barnet. He was born June 8, 1806, the only son of the Right Hon. Sir John Byng, G.C.B., the distinguished Commander in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo, who, for his eminent services, was elevated to the Peerage as Baron Strafford in 1835, and advanced to a Viscountcy and Earldom in 1847. The nobleman whose decease we record was summoned to Parliament on his father's Barony, May 12, 1853, and succeeded to the higher honours, June 3, 1860. In 1834, he was a Lord of the Treasury; in 1841, Comptroller and Treasurer of her Majesty's Household; and, from 1846 to 1847, Secretary of the Board of Control. He sat in the House of Commons for Milborne Port in 1831; for Poole, 1835 to 1837; and for Chatham, 1837 to 1852. His Lordship married, first, March 7, 1829, Lady Agnes Paget, daughter of the first Marquis of Anglesey, K.G., and, secondly, March 16, 1848, Harriet Elizabeth, second daughter of the first Lord Chesham. By the former (who died Oct. 9, 1845) he had three sons and three daughters. His eldest son George Henry Charles, Viscount Enfield, now third Earl of Strafford, was summoned to the Lords in his father's Barony in 1874. He had previously sat in the House of Commons for Tavistock, 1852 to 1857; and for Middlesex, 1857 to 1874; and had held office as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, 1870, and for India, 1880. He was born Feb. 22, 1830, and married, July 25, 1851, Lady Alice Egerton, daughter of the first Earl of Ellesmere, K.G. In the male line, the Earl of Strafford is a scion of the noble house of Torrington, and by female descent one of the co-representatives of Thomas Wentworth, first Earl of Strafford (of the second creation), who was grandnephew of the historic Earl of Strafford of the time of Charles I.

LORD MONKSWELL.

The Right Hon. Sir Robert Porrett Collier, Lord Monkswell, a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, an able and learned Judge, died at Grasse, near Cannes, on the 27th ult. He was born June 21, 1817, the eldest son of Mr. John Collier, of Grimstone and Monkswell, Devon, M.P. for Plymouth, by Erima, his wife, daughter of Mr. Robert Porrett, of

North Hill; and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1841. He was called to the Bar in 1843, joined the Western Circuit, and became Recorder of Penzance. From 1859 to 1863 he was Counsel to the Admiralty and Judge-Advocate of the Fleet; from 1863 to 1866 Solicitor-General, and Attorney-General from 1868 to 1871. In the latter year he was appointed a Justice of the Common Pleas, and immediately after transferred to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He received knighthood in 1863, and was raised to the Peerage July 1, 1885. He married, April 14, 1844, Isabella Rose, daughter of Mr. William Rose Rose, of Wolston Heath, Warwickshire, and leaves two sons and a daughter. The elder son, Robert, now second Lord Monkswell, born March 26, 1845, married, Aug. 21, 1873, Mary Josephine, daughter of Mr. Joseph Alfred Hardcastle, M.P., and has issue. Lord Monkswell was not only an eminent lawyer, but also an accomplished amateur painter. His pictures of Alpine scenery, exhibited in the Royal Academy, evinced considerable artistic skill.

SIR ROBERT SHEFFIELD, BART.

Sir Robert Sheffield, fifth Baronet of Normanby, in the county of Lincoln, J.P. and D.L., Major late Horse Guards Blue, died on the 24th inst. He was born Dec. 8, 1824, the eldest son of Sir Robert Sheffield, the fourth Baronet, by Julia Brigida, his wife, daughter of Sir John Newbold, and was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford. He succeeded to the title at the death of his father in 1862, and married, in 1867, Priscilla Isabel Laura, third daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry and Lady Sophia Dumesq, by whom he leaves one son, now Sir Berkeley Digby George Sheffield, sixth Baronet, born Jan. 19, 1876, and three daughters. Sir Robert served as High Sheriff of Lincolnshire in 1872.

SIR A. JOSIAS CLOËTÉ.

Sir Abraham Josias Cloëté, K.C.B., K.H., a General in the Army and Hon. Colonel of 19th (Yorkshire) Regiment, died at his residence in Gloucester-terrace, on the 26th ult., in his ninety-third year. He entered the Army, as Cornet in the 15th Hussars, in 1809, and attained the rank of General in 1871. He served in the Cape, the Windward Islands, India, and Kaffirland. In 1842, he commanded the successful expedition sent to Natal to relieve a detachment besieged by the Boers, and as Deputy Quartermaster-General took part in the campaign of 1846. In requital, the decoration of C.B. was given to him. During the Kaffir War, 1851 to 1853, he was Chief of the Staff of the army in the field, and in recognition of his services, received knighthood in 1854. From 1856 to 1861 he was Commander of the Forces in the Windward Isles, and in 1862 was made K.C.B. He married, in 1857, Anne Woolcombe, daughter of Mr. Thomas Louis, of Culloden, second son of Admiral Sir Thomas Louis, Bart.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Viscount Barrington, whose memoir will be given next week.

Mr. J. Beavington Atkinson, author of "An Art Tour in the Northern Capitals of Europe," and of numerous contributions.

Mr. Parke Neville, for many years engineer for the Corporation and the City of Dublin, on the 30th ult., universally respected. The Lord Mayor passed a high encomium on him at the Corporation meeting.

The Rev. Stephen Hawtrey, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, formerly Senior Mathematical Master at Eton, and founder and Warden of St. Mark's School, Windsor, on the 29th ult., in his seventy-ninth year.

Captain the Hon. Francis Maude, R.N., youngest son of the first Viscount Hawarden, and uncle of the present Earl De Montalt, on 23rd ult., in his eighty-eighth year. It is a remarkable fact that Captain Maude's grandfather (his father's father) was twelve years old when King Charles II. died.



The Right Rev. John William Bewick, Roman Catholic Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, on the 29th ult., aged sixty-two. He was ordained on the 27th of May, 1850, appointed one of the Curates of St. Mary's Church (now the Cathedral), Newcastle, and thence promoted to Tynemouth. He became afterwards Vicar-General of the diocese, and was consecrated, in 1882, Bishop, after the death of Dr. Chadwick.

Mr. Laurence William King-Harman, Lieutenant 5th Battalion, the Connaught Rangers, only son of Colonel the Right Hon. E. R. King-Harman, M.P., of Rockingham, in the county of Roscommon, nephew of the sixth Earl of Kingston, and grandson of the late Sir William Worsley, Bart., at Hythe, on the 23rd ult., of typhoid fever, aged twenty-two. The sad news of the death of this beloved and promising young officer, heir to one of the greatest properties in Ireland, was received with the deepest sorrow by all classes, irrespective of creed or politics.

Mr. Gustavus William Lambart, of Beau Parc, in the county of Meath, J.P. and D.L., Secretary of the Order of St. Patrick, formerly Major Royal Meath Militia, State Steward to the Lord Lieutenant 1858-9 and 1874-5, on the 1st inst., at his seat near Slane. He derived descent from the Hon. Oliver Lambart, third son of the first Earl of Cavan; was born Aug. 7, 1813; and married, in 1847, Lady Fanny Conyngham, daughter of the second Marquis Conyngham, K.P., and had a numerous family. His eldest daughter, the Hon. Amy Lambart, late Maid of Honour to the Queen, is married to the Hon. Henry Charles Legge; and his third daughter, Constance, to the Hon. Henry Bourke.

INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

It has been our lot to read many a volume of African travel, but we rarely remember to have met with a narrative more attractive and, indeed, exciting than *The Fur Interior*, by Walter Montagu Kerr, in two volumes (Sampson Low). A more enterprising traveller than Mr. Kerr probably never existed, and the perils and adventures of his journey, with savages for the most part as companions, from the Cape of Good Hope across the Zambesi to the Lake regions of Central Africa, is an extraordinary illustration of human energy and endurance. Again and again the difficulties that beset his path seemed insurmountable. For months he travelled on foot at the mercy of his attendants, who were insatiable in their demand for presents, and were, of course, perfectly aware of the white man's helplessness in case they chose to leave him. Then the chiefs through whose territories he passed had each to be propitiated, and every effort seems to have been made to delay his progress. Sometimes he was in great danger, and nothing but firmness of resolution and command of temper could have saved his life. Self-control, Mr. Kerr truly says, is the first requisite in dealing with tribes of savages, but it is necessary sometimes to act with what looks like desperate rashness; and on one occasion, when there was a rebellion in the camp, the solitary Englishman pretended to be in a dreadful passion, and, seizing the two ringleaders, dashed them to the ground, and flung their necklaces of charms into the fire, stamping upon them as they lay in the red, smouldering embers. Amidst what he calls indescribable difficulties, Mr. Kerr found relaxation, strange to say, in the wild dances and shrieking music of his savage companions, "who alternately slept and awoke, ate, sang, and danced throughout the livelong night." The traveller's feats, as a hunter of the larger game of Africa, are modestly described; and, no doubt, far less courage was needed in encountering elephants and lions than in contending with the daily difficulties of his solitary journey. Mr. Kerr is a careful and, in some respects, a scientific observer, so that it is impossible to read his book without enlarging one's knowledge of savage life, which is a life of the mere animal; and the writer states that, in spite of his gifts, he did not observe a single trace of gratitude. An interesting account is given of the Makorikori, who know nothing which was not known to their forefathers, and are only superior to the ape in understanding how to use fire. Yet these poor creatures have one virtue, too often unknown in civilised countries—they are happy and contented; and Mr. Kerr observes that domestic quarrels are of rare occurrence, and murders almost unknown; while madmen are extremely rare. Yet these happy natives have unpleasant ways, and the traveller gives a faithful but disgusting picture of the manner in which his "boys" scrambled for meat left by lions. "The greedy horde," he says, "tore at the flesh, squabbling and even fighting over leg bones and other tit-bits which stirred their gluttonous desires. The scene baffles description. Over the carcases human blood even was spilt, for two men were severely wounded in the combat." Yet these are the happy, friendly creatures whose sweet content had just before been extolled! We may add, in conclusion, that Mr. Kerr's style lacks simplicity, and that his sentiment appears a little laboured. That many of the experiences described should resemble those of former African travellers was inevitable; but his book, in spite of this drawback, is not wanting in variety.

A LARGE SOAP MANUFACTORY.

In few of our various important manufactures have greater scientific advance and improvement been lately made than in the manufacture of soap. Competition is keen, we believe, in all trades; but in this manufacture its effect has been to bring improvement, as will be readily admitted, to the point of perfection. Soap is not a luxury of recent introduction or invention. It was invented, so Pliny writes, by the ancient Gauls, and introduced from them to the Greeks by the Romans; and as substitutes for it the Jews, of course, anointed themselves with oils, and the old Britons put on their tar and feathers. The manufacture in England was first commenced in 1524 in London, until which time England depended upon foreign countries and Bristol for its supplies. Many tourists in Italy may have seen the soap-pans, which, among the interesting relics at Pompeii, are shown there to the inquiring visitor. The appearance of those pans is not very imposing; they rather resemble an enlarged wash-tub or exaggerated coffee-urn than what is now understood by the word "soap-pan." No doubt the curious compound of olive oil and crude alkali made in them was highly prized by the luxurious Romans and the Roman dames. But soap in those days, judging from the size of the "plant" for its manufacture, now extant, must have been a luxury only for the few.

The illustrations on this page will not be without interest. They were taken at Messrs. Joseph Crosfield and Sons' manufactory at Bank Quay, Warrington; one of the oldest and largest soap works in the world. These sketches are arranged in such a way as to show the different stages of manufacture in their proper order; beginning, as is natural, with a view of the raw materials. Here we see palm, olive, coconut, and many other kinds of oil arriving in casks, containing, as a rule, from 5 cwt. to 15 cwt. each; and there are some beside them, containing the purest fat melted in England; but the great bulk of the casks and barrels shown in our illustration are filled with tallow, made from the fat of sheep or oxen, brought from the

remotest cattle farms in Australia, or in North and South America. The material in these casks is melted out by means of a steam-pipe, which is inserted as shown in the illustration, and is then pumped into one of the twenty-three pans, a glimpse of which is seen in the view presented. Into this pan are also pumped quantities of pure soda, dissolved in water. This liquor is obtained from Messrs. Brunne, Mond, and Co.'s famous soda ash, the purest in the world. Messrs. Crosfield have only recently adopted its use, and, having been one of the first to do so, have thereby wonderfully improved the colour and quality of their soap. Our space will not admit of a description of the alkali plant, an illustration of part of which is presented. We return to that point at which the soda liquor and tallow are mixed—with small quantities of other chemicals—in one of the pans above referred to. These various ingredients, when boiled up together, as will presently be explained, form a mass of matter, thick and heavy, which is liquid soap. It would have been a matter of surprise and wonder to any of the ancient soap-boilers of Pompeii could he have stood beside one of the enormous cauldrons in which Messrs. Crosfield make their leading sorts of Household Pale Soaps, and seen the scale and manner in which these things are done in the nineteenth century. More than a hundred tons of boiling soap are worked by the single "hand" (an old one) who stands by the valve, and controls, with a turn of his handle, the whole of this vast liquid mass. With any carelessness or inaccuracy on his part, the contents of this pan might be hurled into the air by the steam which, introduced at the bottom of the pan, agitates the whole of its contents. In due course the soap, when somewhat cooled, is pumped into the frames, when it gradually becomes quite cold, and is then cut into slabs, bars, and tablets ready for packing.

Sketch No. 3 is taken in one of Messrs. Crosfield's eight frame-rooms; each frame being capable of containing about 12 cwt. of soap; and the following illustration represents a portion of the box-making department. Here one of the most remarkable features is the absence of hammers, the amount of hand-labour in the making of the packages being wonderfully small. The timber is sawn by machinery, and, when cut into the requisite lengths and sizes, is branded by machinery, and is actually nailed by machinery; the nails being only touched by the boys, who are required to drop them into the holes, so that they take, of themselves, the position in which they are to be driven into the timber; a clever invention by Mr. Myers, a well-known American gentleman.

In Picture No. 4 we see a number of lads engaged in stamping the smaller tablets of soap; but in this, as in many other things, steam is rapidly taking the place of hand-labour, and works all the machines used in stamping the famous Perfection Soap; the tablets of which are afterwards wrapped by numerous boys, specially employed for this purpose.

SOAP AT THE LIVERPOOL EXHIBITION.

Visitors to the Liverpool Exhibition this year have admired the tasteful, ingenious, and effective manner in which Messrs. Crosfield have displayed their products. The specimens of soap have been arranged as part of a beautiful architectural device of Oriental character, Byzantine in its general plan, with Saracenic features, and the design reflects much credit on the originator. The most striking feature of the structure is its charming variety and blending of colour. Bases and walls are executed in complementary tints, while architrave, frieze, cornice, and other details of the entablature are picked out in delicately blended and contrasted hues, the whole presenting a most inviting appearance considered merely as an artistic design. It is composed entirely of soap, and mainly of different kinds of mottled soap, while the "Perfection Soap" is used for the corner cupolas of the elegant temple. In the grounds of the Exhibition another attractive exhibit of this enterprising firm is to be seen near the Balloon and the Indian Village. Here has been erected a quaint and inviting kiosk, so painted as to suggest that it has been cut out of blue mottled soap. It is attractively furnished in the interior; and, besides floral decorations, contains a beautiful display of Toilet Soaps, and of many-coloured mottled soaps, exquisite in tint and manufacture. The hangings and decorations of the kiosk are effective. The walls and ceilings are draped in rich Oriental colours, and the roof spangled with stars. Considering Messrs. Crosfield's exhibit in its entirety, everyone who sees it will acknowledge it to be one of the greatest attractions of the Exhibition.

Want of space prevents our giving a more minute description of these unparalleled exhibits, for which Messrs. Crosfield have obtained Two Gold Medals (the highest awards given at the Liverpool Exhibition), one for "Perfection Soap," the other for general excellence in manufacture of all soaps. We must also forego what would have been a most interesting account—viz., that of the manufacture of Messrs. Crosfield's world-famed BLUE MOTTLED SOAP; and we hasten to say a few words respecting one of their greatest recent triumphs. A Soap has been lately introduced by them, which, to make use of a forcible Yankee phrase, "licks creation." It combines the most extraordinary lathering powers with absolute PURITY and NEUTRALITY.

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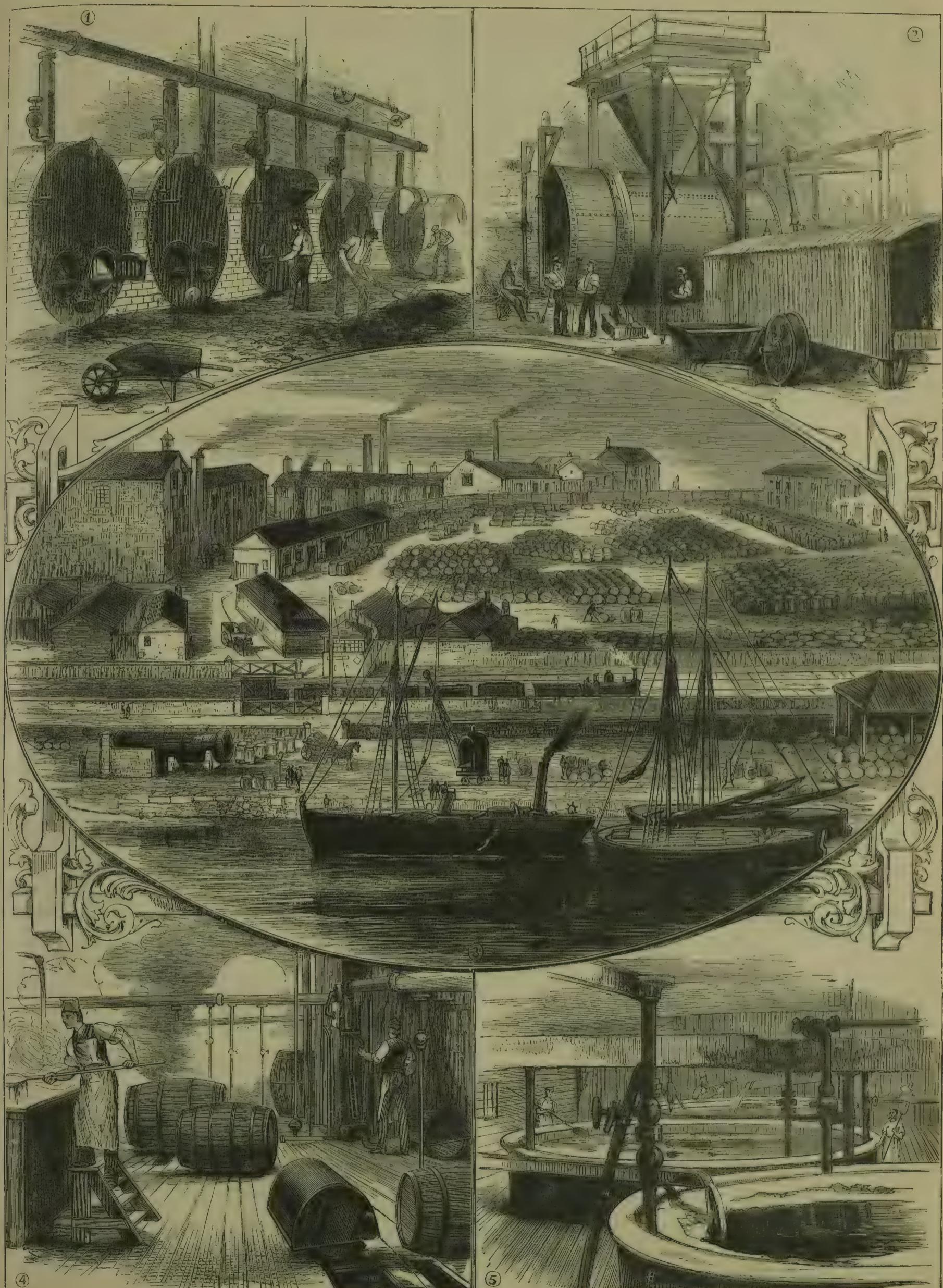
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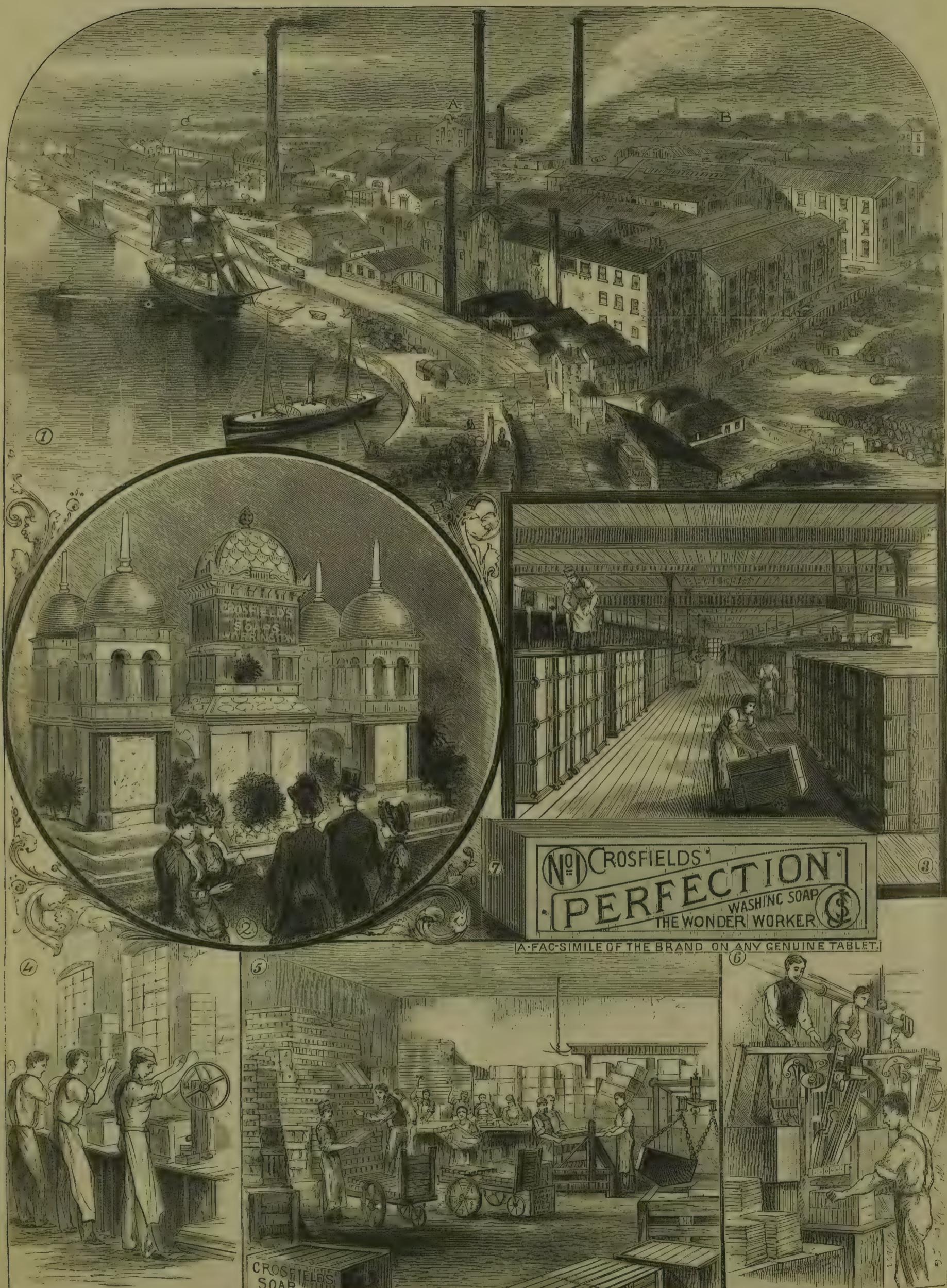
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Crosfield's Perfection Soap is offered as the outcome of long and most expensive scientific experiments; for cleaning floors, paint, kitchen, and other rough household work, it cannot be excelled. Its greatest victory will be obtained in the laundry, where it will indeed prove itself a "wonder worker." Its great lathering and dirt-extracting properties will lighten the toil of the user, make clothes cleaner and whiter, and save its own cost to the purchaser, for no soda or dry soap need be used with this wonderful washing soap. Against disease and infection it is all-powerful, being a pure disinfectant, and, as a skin soap, it is invaluable.

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1. General View of the Works. 2. The Soap Structure in the Liverpool Exhibition. 3. A "Frame" Room. 4. Stamping. 5. A Packing-Room. 6. Box-making. 7. The finished article.



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

She dragged off her hat, and her beautiful black hair fell upon her shoulders.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

HOW THE APOTHECARY DID HIS BEST.

"Tell her plainly," said Mr. Brinjess, "what he said, and how he looked while he said it. Spare her in nothing; so will she the more quickly come to a right mind. What? Didst ever see a surgeon take off a man's leg? Doth he chop here a cantle, and there a snippet, for fear of causing pain? Not he? He ties his bandages and takes his saw, and in five minutes off goes leg; and, though the man may bellow, yet his life is saved."

There was little hope in her face when I went in to her; the trouble of it made my heart bleed. To think that a woman should still so much love a man who had thrown her away with as little thought as one throws away the rind of an apple. . . . I thought she would have hated him. But no; at a word, she would have arisen to follow and obey him like a slave.

"Bess," I said, "be brave."

"Where is he?"

"He is in London, at his lodgings."

"Did you give him the letter?"

"I did. He sent it back to you. Here it is. Courage, Bess. No man is worth so much crying over. It is as I told you before. He loves you no longer. When he thinks of the past, he wonders at himself. When he remembers how much he was once in love, he laughs."

"Doth he laugh? Oh! Luke, can he laugh?" It was wonderful to her that the thing which destroyed all her happiness could be to him only the cause of laughter.

"Bess, my dear, I am grieved to the soul that I must tell you this. Alas! he laughs. He can never love you any more. Forget him, therefore. Put him out of your thoughts."

"He laughs at the girl to whom he wrote this letter—oh! this dear letter. Why doth he laugh? I cannot laugh, because I loved him."

She rose, and sighed heavily. "Well," she said, "there needs no more, Luke. I have lost my sweetheart. That matters nothing, does it? Thousands of poor women lose their sweethearts every year, in action and in shipwreck. No one pays heed to the women. What matters one more woman? Oh! I would to God that he was lying dead at the bottom of the sea; and I—and I—and I"—She rushed from the room with distraction in her looks.

There was great rejoicing at the Admiral's, whither I carried the glad news of Jack's promotion. Castilla attributed it entirely to the extraordinary discernment of his Lordship, who deserved, she thought, the highest credit for discovering Jack's real ability and courage, so that he should be promoted over hundreds of heads, to the command of a frigate, before he was four-and-twenty years of age. Truly, it makes one no happier to be wiser, and Castilla knew nothing about the great lady of Drury-Lane. Heaven forbid that she should learn anything about that ravished kiss!

The day was marked at the club in the usual manner—viz., by an extra bowl of punch; and I sat beside the Admiral and told the company how his Lordship, in a splendid satin coat, with a red sash and a diamond star, had condescended in person to inform this fortunate young Commander of his promotion. But you may be sure that I told nothing about the actress, even to the Admiral, who marvelled greatly at the boy's success, and wondered, being wise by experience, by whose private interest he had been promoted.

But the woman who ought most to have rejoiced was wandering all night long, in wind and rain, over the desolate moor called Blackheath, raging and despairing, because the man who once loved her so tenderly had now forgotten her, and laughed to think that he could ever have thought he loved her. In the morning, she came back, mud-stained and draggled, hollow-eyed and wan of cheek, to the parlour behind the Apothecary's shop; and here, presently, she fell asleep, being wholly spent with suffering and fatigue.

Now, when Mr. Brinjess came from his shop and saw her thus asleep and so pale of cheek, he was moved with compassion, and resolved, though he had not visited London for twenty years, that he would himself try to move the hard heart of her lover. Accordingly, he put off his workday clothes, and reached down his great wig and the coat in which he sat at the club (both of which belonged to the early years of George I.), and so, fully persuaded that he was dressed quite in the modern fashion of a Court physician, he took oars for Hungerford Stairs, whence he walked to Ryder Street.

On the way, the boys shouted at him, for he cut the queerest figure, his velvet coat being so old that it had turned green in places, his lace in rags, his old-fashioned wig unkempt and shabby. But he walked briskly, careless of the boys, and carried his gold-headed stick with an air of majesty.

"Jack," he said, dropping into a chair, "thou art now, I hear, a Captain. Give me a glass of brandy—'tis a long journey from Deptford—and I will drink to thy good-luck. So—this is a pretty, commodious lodging, Jack. I passed some fine women on the way from Hungerford Stairs. Have a care, my boy. Do not suffer any of the fine birds to bring their fine feathers here; else it may cost thee dear. Be content with some honest wench who will love thee and not try to rob and plunder all the prize-money."

"Well, Mr. Brinjess"—Jack was not, I think, best pleased to see the old man at his lodgings, and more than suspected the errand on which he came—"can I be of any service to my old friend?"

"That depends, Jack—that depends. The greatest service you could do for me would be not to forget old friends."

"Indeed, I have forgotten no old friends."

"Or old sweethearts?"

"Why, as for old sweethearts, my old friend, they may go on so long as to become stale. This, you have often assured me as matter of your own experience."

"It is quite true," replied the Rover, who had not looked to have his own maxims thrown in his face; "it is quite true, I say, that woman is by nature a jealous creature—the nearer to nature you get the more jealous you will find her. Something of the tigress in every one. Wherefore Bess, who is as passionate as a negro woman, is more jealous, I dare say, than a London fine lady, who hath not the heart to be greatly jealous. Also, a woman can never be made to understand such a simple thing as that she ought to be contented with the half share of a man, or the quarter share, or even a short six months of his life ashore. Nor doth she ever perceive when the time arrives that she should cheerfully make way for another. Yet—poor Bess! I am sorry for the wench."

"In South America," said Jack, talking in the same strain, "where they smoke the cigarette, one that hath been half smoked and thrown away is nauseous if it be taken up and lighted again."

"It is so," said Mr. Brinjess. "Everyone who hath been

in Guayaquil, which is nigh unto South America, knows that it is so."

"Wherefore," said Jack; but left the conclusions to be drawn by the philosopher.

"The thing is so," Mr. Brinjess repeated. "Jack, when thy first letter came I knew that the fit was too hot to last. And when no more came I understood very well what had happened. For my own part, I never loved any woman more than four-and-twenty hours after leaving port. Why, I have seen sailors marrying the day before they sailed, and yet coming on board unconcerned. This forgetfulness is a special gift of Providence, intended for sailors alone. But as for Bess, while you thought no more upon her, she had that letter wrapped in a silken bag, and hung about her neck; and every day she kissed and hugged it, thinking—poor, fond soul! women are fools, yet we needs must feel pity for them!—that the writer, like herself, would never change. She began to learn things for her lover's sake; she learned to read and write; she watched the ladies in church to see how they dress, and how they carry themselves; she made Luke teach her some of their finickin', delicate ways, which don't go down with a sea-pie and black beer, such as you used to love in the days before your breeches were white, and your stockings of silk, and while your buttons carried a simple anchor. Moreover, Bess would no longer consort with her old friends, and would suffer none of the men so much as to have speech with her. And she made Luke tell her what words and sayings of hers would offend the ears of gentlewomen. In short, there she is, my lad, a woman ready for you; as to manners, so far as I understand the matter, as fine as a countess; as to good looks, not a countess of them all can touch her; as to figure—Lord! a finer figure was never made; as to temper, a noble temper, my lad, quick and ready to flame up. What? One that will keep her husband alive, I warrant, and stirring. Why, Jack, we talked of a half-burned cigarette. This one is not yet even lighted. Try it again, dear lad. 'Tis made, I swear, from the finest leaf of Virginia. In South America they have none such. As for truth and constancy, I will answer for them with my life; and for affection—why, 'tis nothing less than a madness she hath for thee. Come, what want you with fine ladies? They will but play with you when you are ashore, and forget you when you are at sea, while, as for Bess, Bess will keep your house while you are away, and when you come home, she shall be the tenderest wife in the world and like a faithful slave for service. What! You would say that by birth she is below the rank of a Commander? Jack, hark ye!"—here he whispered, as if imparting a great secret—"a beautiful woman hath no rank. There must be rank for men, otherwise there would be no discipline on board the ship. Rank was invented for that purpose; and the pretence is necessary for order's sake, whether we call each other Duke, Earl, and noble Lord, or Captain, Lieutenant, and Master. Yet it is, even with men, nothing but pretence at bottom. But for women there is no rank at all, whatever they may themselves pretend. Which is proved, Jack, by the fact that great men do constantly fall in love with women of the meanest origin, as witness Charles II. and Nelly Gwynne. You may put Bess upon a throne, and, my word, there is not a Queen among them all would outshine her black eyes and beauteous face. Whereas you will never see a woman of gentle birth fall in love with a clown. Rank is for the ugly women to console themselves withal, by walking in front of each other. Give me another tot of brandy, Jack; and think of her again, I say. Why, I can never get out of my mind that we shall all three—you and Bess and I—we shall all three sail together across the broad Pacific to pick up my treasure, and to burn the town of Guayaquil, where they made me a slave. I cannot die until that town is burned."

"I know nothing," said Jack, "about your dreams. But, for the rest, you are too late, Mr. Brinjess. I have forgotten the girl. All the past foolishness is over and finished."

"Yes," said Mr. Brinjess, looking at him as a physician when he feels the pulse, "Yes": he spoke slowly and sadly, "I now perceive plainly that it is all over. The symptoms are clear. Your eyes warn no more at the thought of the girl. Her chance is gone. The poor child hath had her time. Well—I shall go home again. Pray Heaven, my assistant hath not already poisoned a customer or two. Jack, keep out of her way. There will be trouble yet."

"Why, Mr. Brinjess," he laughed, "you do not think that I am afraid of a wench?"

"Nay—I said not that. But—well—we shall have trouble yet. And for these Southern Seas, sure I am that I shall see them again before I die."

So the Apothecary went away, having done what he could, and having failed.

"We sailors," said Jack to me presently, "are great fools in our love for taverns and drinking bouts and low company, so that those are right who represent us as so many dull dogs who have no manners, and can do nothing ashore but drink about. Why, when I came home, three years ago, the Gun Tavern was the height of civilisation, the Apothecary's dirty parlour was the abode of politeness, and poor Bess was the finest lady in the land."

"We are mostly such mere tarpaulins," he continued, after a space, "that landsmen do well to despise us, though we fight their battles for them, and care not how we are treated, nor how many hundreds they pass over when they make appointments. Then we fall to cursing the service, instead of our own common habits. There was on board the *Tartar* one of the Lieutenants (he is now dead) who was a gentleman—I mean by taste and education, as well as by birth—who sometimes talked with me, saying 'that 'twas a pity a lad of my appearance and figure (which he flattered) should not study polite manners for the sake of my own advancement, because, with a little trouble, I might certainly attract attention in high places, and so receive promotion.' In this he was partly right, though I now find that great men think they can pay for the service of flattery in promises, as a merchant pays for goods with a piece of paper. But there is a difference, because, if the merchant do not redeem his promise when the day comes, he is dishonoured; whereas if a nobleman doth not redeem his promise, no one throws the fact in his teeth. And if I had not been so lucky as to rescue a certain friend of my Lord, I doubt whether I should have got any appointment, to say nothing of promotion."

"But, lad, consider. Here I live among the best; I am received at a great man's table; I sit in the coffee-house among the wits or the fops, as I please; I go to the theatre, to Ranelagh, and to Vauxhall; there is the gaming-table, if I choose to risk a few pieces; if I am ever disposed for a quiet evening, there is the society of Castilla, the sweetest girl in the world; if for a sprightly party, there are the suppers of my friend—my patron, if you please—and this actress. Think you that after these things I can go back to Mr. Brinjess' stinking parlour, and the Penman's daughter? She may be as beautiful as he says—I care not. She is certain to have coarse hands, rude speech, and plain manners. You might as soon expect me to go back to the cockpit, and to mess again with the midshipmen, the volunteers, and the surgeon's mates!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN INTERESTING CASE.

What would be done next I knew not, yet feared something desperate, the case lying (on the one hand) between a woman driven well-nigh mad with love and disappointment, and (on the other) a man of great determination, inflexible to tears and entreaties, and, besides, one who now regarded this poor girl, as he himself confessed, with as much loathing as he had once felt love. I have read in some book of travels that there are certain hot fountains in Iceland which burst forth from time to time with incredible force, and either scald to death those upon whom they chance to play, or, by the ground sinking beneath their footsteps, do suddenly engulf them. We were now—that is, Mr. Brinjess and myself, who alone knew what was threatening—like unto those who walk upon ground where these fountains break out; for we knew not what ruin might fall upon us at any moment, caused by the hand of a desperate woman.

No one knows the trouble the poor girl gave us at this time, with her changing moods, her fits, and her despair. For sometimes she would sit for many hours swinging her body backwards and forwards, tearing a ribbon or a handkerchief with her teeth; sometimes she would sit quite still, her eyes fixed and glowering; then she would suddenly spring to her feet, and cry aloud that she could bear it no longer; sometimes she would threaten death and murder to her false lover, and to any woman who should dare to take him from her; sometimes she would rush from the room and wander away, till she was forced to come back for weariness; and sometimes she would become gentle again, acknowledge her wilfulness, and beg forgiveness for her bad temper and her wild words. But these occasions were rare. She spent the whole day in Mr. Brinjess' house—that is, when she was not in one of her restless moods, wandering over Blackheath, or farther a-field, in the woods and fields of Eltham or Norwood. More than once she spent the whole night out, returning in the morning spent with fatigue, her fury only appeased for a time by the weakness of her body. As for her father, she neglected him altogether, so that the poor man was now obliged to provide his own meals, sweep and keep clean his room, and make his own bed. "Yet," he said, "I dare not say a word in remonstrance or rebuke, so terrible is her temper, in which she now seems to surpass her mother, though I confess she doth not beat me over the head with the frying-pan, as my wife was wont to do. Mr. Brinjess, before whom I have laid the case, advises patience. Well, Mr. Luke, I am a patient man. Of that I am very sure. I have been patient all my life—when I was a boy and the stronger boys hectored it over me; and when I was a 'prentice, and my master half starved me; when I was a married man and my wife scratched, beat, and cuffed me daily; and now when my daughter is grown up. It is not recorded of the Patriarch Job that his wives and daughters were thus ungoverned."

Sometimes she would speak of her wrongs, and mostly she was grieved because Jack laughed at her.

"If he were dead," she cried, "I could weep for him all the days of my life, thinking he loved me to the end. Oh! I am a fool to care for such a man or to cry over him. He laughs at me. I am a fool. He laughs at me. Why did I not forget him the moment his ship was out of sight, and take another sweetheart?"

"Pity," said Mr. Brinjess, shaking his head. "A thousand pities you did not."

"Hold your tongue!" she turned on him, fiercely. "How dare you speak? You were all in league to mock at me. Why, 'twas thus you beguiled the poor black negro girls, you and your pirate crew. And then you laughed at them."

"Faith!" said Mr. Brinjess, "if a man desert a black girl she generally murders him for it."

She looked at him strangely, and rushed away, saying nothing.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Brinjess, "that I told her about the negress's revenge, for she is now capable of everything; and perhaps she will go away and put a knife into his heart." This he said calmly, as if murder was too common a thing to surprise him. "There was once a girl—'twas at Providence whose lover—a smart fellow, too, and one of our crew—deceived her. What did she do? Pretended to forgive him; passed the thing over; treated it as a joke, and played the loving sweetheart to the life, laughing and singing while she served up the poisoned meat that was to kill him. She put in it the herb stramonium, which there grows wild; and the women know its properties very well. She laughed the louder afterwards, while he twisted and rolled on the ground and bellowed in his agony. The men burned her alive for it, because this was an example that might affect them all; but she cared nothing for the torture, for she had her revenge; and, whatever was done to her afterwards, nothing would hurt her, so long as she could think of that. Look you, Bess is such another as that negro girl. She is as passionate and she is as jealous. There has been murder in her mind ever since Jack came home. I have read the thought in her eyes, and now I have put it into words for her. Trouble will come."

It was not this crime that I feared, because our women know not, happily, the use of poisons; and the worst among them shrink from taking life. But I feared that she might rashly and in despair kill herself; or commit some act of violence towards Castilla, if she suspected that Jack was paying her attentions; or that she might lose her reason altogether. And indeed, in those days, I am sure that she was partly mad.

You shall learn what she did.

First, she would hear from her former lover's own lips the sentence of her dismissal. She would read her fate in his eyes. Therefore, one morning, without informing anyone of her intention, she took boat and was carried up the river, and so made her way to his lodging in Ryder Street. No neglect of dress could hide the girl's wonderful beauty, but it was unfortunate, the Captain being now daily in the society of ladies who omit no point in their attire which may help to enhance their charms, that she came to him in a common stuff frock, that in which she was accustomed to do the housework, and a plain straw hat, so that she looked exactly what she was, the daughter of some tradesman of humble station. This, I say, was unlucky for her. Another unlucky thing was that the Captain was not alone in his lodging; and it shamed him that a girl, so common in her dress and appearance, should thus present herself and call him Jack, and remind him of his broken vows. You will expect, when you hear that Bess found a lady in the room, a scene of mad and violent jealousy. But nothing of the kind happened. And yet the situation was one which might very well have caused a jealous woman to fly out, for the lady, who was none other than the Drury-Lane actress, was sitting in a chair, and Jack was standing over her. She was looking up at him with her merry laughing eyes, her hair curled over her forehead, and her face as if it was always and naturally bright and joyous (this thing one constantly sees in women who play upon the stage, though I know not why they should be happier than other folk). Her hood, in which she had been wrapped, and her domino, lay upon the table, and she was dressed most daintily in some flowered silk,

(continued on page 536)

GORDON BROWNE'S SERIES OF OLD FAIRY TALES.

Few children are so lucky as the two girls and two boys who found "the Whispering Tree" near their home, and went on fine Tuesday afternoons in summer to sit under its shade of green leaves, while the tree would tell them a tale. The tree's own Fairy lay asleep in the branches above; she seems to have told the tales to a lady who can write, and whose name is Laura E. Richards. This lady has repeated them to an artist, Mr. Gordon Browne, who is as clever as herself; and the well-known publishers, Blackie and Son, of London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin, have already put two of the best tales (with some Engravings, several of which are printed also on this page) into a couple of delightful shilling books. So that boys and girls who do not know their way to the Whispering Tree have only to ask their kind parents to spend two shillings for their pleasure in the Christmas holidays.

All good children are not alike; boys will be boys and girls will be girls. They like different stories; and here the first is an awful one, but ending in escape and victory, which is just the story for a boy. The second will be more interesting to a girl; as, though distressing for a time, it ends in love and happiness. We older folk have heard something, long ago, of both "Hop o' my Thumb" and "Beauty and the Beast"; yet we never heard or read either of those favourite old fables so well related before. They are here made quite fresh, and are helped out with many circumstances that none of us could have supposed without the aid of the Whispering Tree.

The seven boys, sons of the unfortunate woodcutter, of whom "Hop o' my Thumb" was extremely the smallest, when their father's poverty drove them into the wild forest, wandered on to the Ogre's house. An Ogre, as we learn from professors of anthropology, is a giant as tall as an average church tower, who uses a file daily to sharpen his steel teeth, and eats men, women, and children, when he catches them, just as we eat rabbits. Ugly Mr. Ogre was not at home that evening when the boys, climbing on each other's shoulders, knocked at his door. Mrs. Ogress let them in, kindly gave them supper, and hid them under the bed where her seven little daughters



INVISIBLE HANDS DRESSING THE MERCHANT BY MAGIC.

were slumbering. We know what happened when Mr. Ogre came home, but we do not think fit to tell. Let good boys—and girls too, if they like horrors—read the story for themselves. They will then find, under the same cover, other pictures by Mr. Gordon Browne quits as funny and more



THE OGRE AND HIS SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS.

pleasant than the one which is seen on this page. The figures of Hop o' my Thumb and his brothers in the attitude of climbing, variously represented in two or three Illustrations, are especially good.

Enter now—girls are to look and listen—the merchant's three handsome daughters, Superba, the proud, Gracilia, the genteel, and "Beauty," the lovely, sweet, and good. In the book, which should be bought for our young friends to-morrow, are drawn with genuine humour the comic scenes of their rejection of foolish suitors, and the rage and grief of these; some went off in a huff, others "sat and wept on all the fences for miles around." Others, more wisely, would

fetch useful gifts—hams and geese, eggs and butter, or a string of sausages—to lay at the back door for the housewifely gratification of "Beauty," the good youngest sister; but all their attentions

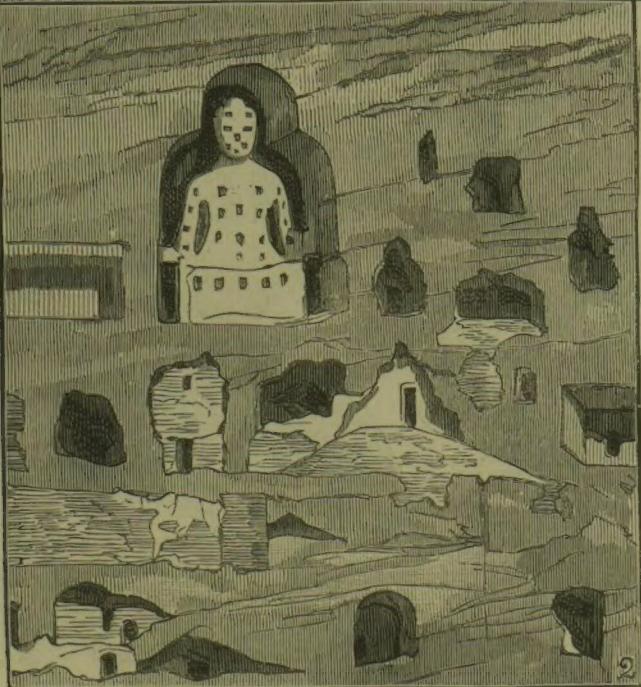
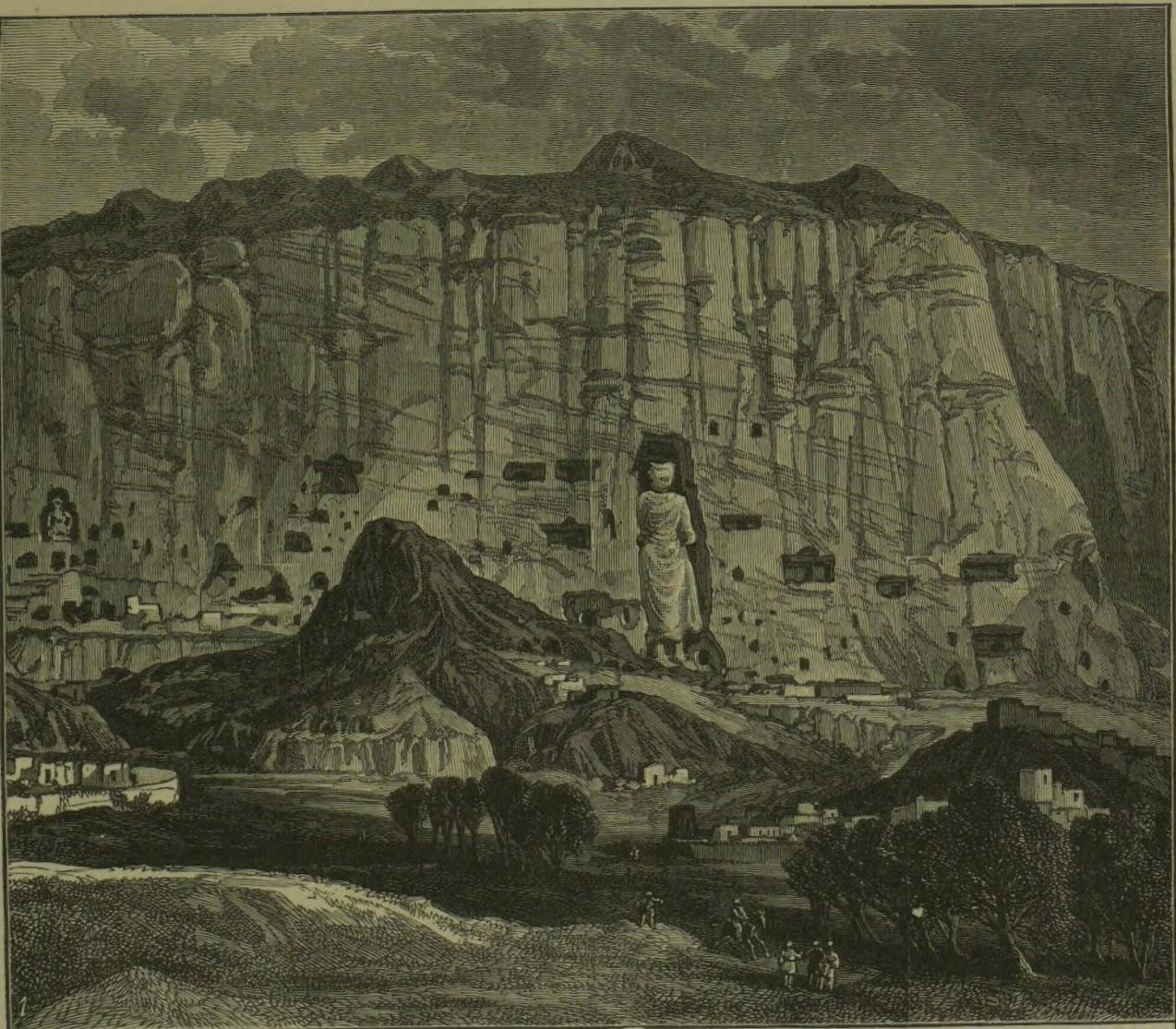
were in vain. Mr. Gordon Browne's pencil renders these additional features of the story highly effective; and it is rare to observe such perfect unity of conception and sympathy between the author and the artist. The principal action commences, as is well known, with the merchant's journey, in which, losing his path through the weird wood, he arrives at the enchanted palace. Our readers have had enough experience to understand how the guest at such a mansion of magic is tended by invisible hands, which take off his muddy boots, his rain-soaked cap and mantle, to clothe him in silk and velvet, while other viewless servitors lay the table with dainty meats and wine. After reposing one night in luxury, his unwitting fault next morning, the plucking of the white rose, is punished by the dreadful apparition of Lord "Beast," with a doom of death, presently committed for the surrender of his darling child, "Beauty," to be put at the Beast's mercy. Again we bid the young people to read for themselves, in this charming version, the rest of the dear old story.



THE THREE SISTERS, "SUPERBA," "GRACILIA," AND "BEAUTY."



"BEAUTY" JOURNEYING TO "THE BEAST'S" PALACE.



1. SECOND GREAT STATUE AND CAVES. 2. FOURTH STATUE, WITH CAVES. 3. PAINTING IN NICHE OF SECOND STATUE.

THE ROCK-CUT STATUES OF BAMIYAN, CENTRAL ASIA.—DRAWN BY MR. W. SIMPSON, FROM SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN P. J. MAITLAND, AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.—[SEE PAGE 525.]



THE SECOND GREAT STATUE.

with laced petticoat and kid gloves. Now, like a true woman, Bess no sooner saw this finely-dressed lady than she began to think with shame of her own common frock, her hair so rough, and her coarse hands, and to wish that she had put on her best before she left home. I know not what they were talking about, but though the lady was merry, Jack was serious; to be sure he never passed jests with women, and was not even as a boy ever fond of laughing with girls; perhaps—some philosopher hath remarked—women like best the men who treat them seriously, and as if every interview with them gave birth to what the French call a grand passion.

At sight, however, of Bess as she stood in the open doorway, Jack started and stepped forward as if to protect his visitor, with a round quarter-deck oath.

"Oh! my poor ears!" cried the actress, "are we on board ship already?"

Then she marked the face of the woman at the open door, and there was something in her eyes and attitude which made her silent. There is a kind of despair which makes itself felt even by the lightest. This woman she saw had a pale face and large black eyes, which were fixed, steadfastly and piteously, upon the Captain.

"Why do you come here?" asked Jack.

"I came to see you. Oh! Jack!" she gasped, and caught at her heart.

"I have sent you an answer already."

"I have come to hear your answer from your own lips," she replied, with trembling voice.

"Come, Bess," he said coldly, but not unkindly, "you are a foolish girl; the past is gone. We cannot bring back again what has been. Forget it—and me. And go away. This is no place for you."

"Forget it? You think I can forget? Have you forgotten, Jack; tell me, have you forgotten?" She clasped her hands and threw them out in a gesture of pain and trouble. "Oh! have you forgotten—you?"

"I have quite forgotten," he replied. "Everything has clean gone out of my mind," but of course, his very words betrayed his memory. "Of course, I remember who you are. Your father taught me arithmetic and writing. You are Bess Westmoreland. We used to play together when we were children. Then I went away to sea, and I remember nothing more."

"Nothing more," she murmured. "Oh! he remembers nothing more. Oh! is it possible? Can he forget?"

The actress looked on with grave attention. She could read the story without being told. Partly, she was studying a delineation of the passion of disappointed love, rendered better than anything she had ever seen upon the stage; partly, she was filled with pity. An ordinary gentlewoman would have felt, as Castilla feels, that such a girl has no business to suppose that a gentleman can love her, the thing being, in her opinion, contrary to Nature. But the actress knew better. Besides, she understood, which ordinary gentlewomen do not, that beauty is not altogether a matter of dress. A woman who is always dressing herself in different fashions knows that very well.

"If you wish," Jack went on, "I will tell you something more that I remember. But you had better not ask me to tell you that. Best to go away now, and before harder things are said."

"There can be no harder things said. Tell me what you please."

"I remember a young girl and a boy. The boy had been six years at sea and among savages, and knew not one woman from another. So he thought he was in love with the girl, who was no proper match for him. And when he had been at sea again for six weeks, of course he had clean forgotten her."

"And now you have returned, Jack"—she dragged off her hat, and her beautiful black hair fell in long curls upon her shoulders—"look upon me. Am I less beautiful than I was? You, woman," she turned fiercely upon the actress, "tell me, you, are you in love with him? No: I see it in your eyes; you do not love him. Then you will speak the truth, and perhaps you will pity me. Tell me, then, am I beautiful?"

"You are a very beautiful girl, indeed," said the Queen of Drury-Lane. "Upon the boards you would be a dangerous rival. Your hair and eyes are splendid; your shape is faultless. Unfortunately, you have not learned to dress."

"You hear, Jack, what this lady, who is not in love with you, says of me. I have learned things, too, since you went away. I am no longer so plain and rustic, and—Oh! Jack"—She threw herself at his feet, regardless of the other woman. She must have known that it was a useless humiliation, yet perhaps she was resolved to drink the cup to the dregs. "Jack, look upon my name printed upon thy arm; think of my hair tied about thy wrist; think of all thy promises! Jack, think of everything. Oh! Jack, be not so cruel!"

Alas! his face was hard and cruel. As she held up her arms in this humility, he made as if he would push her from him, and in his eyes, once so soft to her and full of love, she read now scorn and loathing.

"Go!" he said. "You have had my answer."

Then she rose meekly, and drew from her pocket certain presents he had given her—a necklace of red coral, a packet of ribbons, a roll of lace, the gloves, a broken sixpence, and laid them on the table.

"You shall have again," she said, "all that you have ever

given me, except one thing. I keep your letter, and your promise. That I will never give you back so long as I live. I know not yet what I shall do. . . . I know not"—She grew giddy, and looked as if she would fall, but presently recovered, and without another word she left the room.

"Are there many such girls in love with you, Captain Easterbrook?" asked the actress. There were tears in her eyes, but she put up her handkerchief. "Are there many such in the world, I wonder? They come not to this end of town. Do you write the names of all the women you love upon your arms? Then they will be a pretty sight for a jealous wife, Jack, when you marry."

"Let her go." He swept the poor trifles, mementoes of by-gone love, upon the floor. "Let us talk of something else."

"She is a very beautiful woman," the actress continued, disregarding his words. "There is no woman now upon the boards who would better become the part of a Queen; and most certainly none who could better act the part she has just played. 'Twas a moving situation, Captain, though it moved you not. I wonder how many women's hearts thou hast broken, Jack?"

"Why if we come to questions, I wonder how many men would like to make love to you, fair lady?"

"Captain Easterbrook, it cannot escape your penetration that there is not a pretty woman in the world to whom all men would not willingly make love, if they could. As for constancy, they laugh at it; and promises they despise; they trample upon the hearts of the foolish women who love them; and they consider jealousy in a woman a thing past comprehension." She laughed, but her eyes were not so merry as when Bess opened the door. "Well—I am resolved not to have my heart broken, because I have but one, and if it chance to be broken, I doubt if I could piece it together again. Therefore, my gallant Captain, my brave Jack, I doubt whether it were wise of me to come here any more. You may, if you please, come to my suppers, to meet my Lord and his friends. Look not so glum, Captain. Well, perhaps I may see thee once more before thy ship sails. If I do, promise to pretend a little love for this unhappy love-sick nymph? She is a sea-nymph, I take it—one of those whom the poets call Naiads. Comfort her poor heart a little, and perhaps when thou art gone she may very likely console herself. Alas! always one loves and one is loved."

"I loved her once. Can she expect—"

"Women are such fond creatures, Captain Easterbrook, that they are not even contented to be a toy for a month or two. As for me, I make men my toys, and as for my heart, it is still mine own. Adieu, thou conqueror of women's hearts and compeller of women's tears. But, Jack," she laid her hand upon his arm, "look that this poor distracted creature doth not do a mischief to thee or to someone. There was madness in her eyes. I now know how the passion of jealousy should be rendered. It is to stand so, and to look so; and thus to use the hands." She lost her own face, and became Bess, so clever was she at impersonation, and, in dumb show, went through the pantomime of a scorned and jealous woman. Then she put on her domino, took her hood, and ran down-stairs.

CHAPTER XXXIV. HOW CASTILLA WAS BETROTHED.

I do not think there is anything in this history more distasteful to Castilla than a certain episode in it, which one cannot choose but narrate. To omit the incident would be the concealment of a thing which clearly shows the disposition of our hero at this juncture of his affairs, when all seemed prosperous with him, but when his fate was already sealed, and destruction about to fall upon him.

Castilla reproaches me with concealing from the Admiral and her mother, first, the previous engagement with Bess, and, next, the acquaintance of the Captain with the actress, of whom mention has been made; and declares that, if the Admiral had known it, he would have forbidden the house to so gay a Lothario. Castilla's general opinion as to her father's character is doubtless correct; but as to her father's conduct under certain circumstances, I prefer my own judgment. Certain I am that if the Admiral (now in Abraham's bosom) had known both these facts—indeed, I am sure that he knew a good deal of the first—he would not on that account have shut Jack out of the house, nor would he have forbidden him to pay his addresses to Castilla.

"As for me," she still says, indignant, even after so many years, "had I suspected the things which you very well knew at the time, Sir, I should have spurned his proposals. I have now forgiven him, because, poor boy! he was punished for his weakness in the matter of that witch and her adviser, the Apothecary, whom I believe to have been sold to the Devil! I forgive him freely, and, you know, Luke, that I have long since forgiven you for your part in the deception. But there are things which can never be forgotten, though they be forgiven."

As for my own conduct in the business, I know not why I should have told the Admiral, or Castilla either, that a celebrated actress and toast had been rescued from footpads by Jack Easterbrook; that he supped at her house, in company with other gentlemen; and that she visited him twice, to my knowledge, in his own lodging, the first time in order to communicate to him the news of his promotion, and the second time—I know not why. I was not a spy upon Jack;

and, on reflection, I think that if the thing had to be done again I should behave exactly in the same manner.

Nor do I know why I should have warned Castilla about the old love affair. It was over, and finished. Surely a woman would not be jealous because a lad of nineteen had made an imprudent promise which he afterwards broke, or because he then fell in love with, and afterwards ceased to love, a certain girl, whether below or above his own rank in life? To be sure, I was certain that some trouble would happen, though of what nature I knew not.

Suffice it to say, therefore, that I heard no more about the actress, but that Jack came often, in those weeks between his appointment and his sailing orders, to the Admiral's, and that he made no secret to me of his passion for Castilla. Also, he took the ladies to various fashionable places of resort which they had never before seen, because there was no one to take them. Thus, we went one evening to Ranelagh, where there was a very pretty concert in the round room, with dancing afterwards, and a great crowd of ladies beautifully dressed, though none prettier than Castilla, to my simple taste. And on another evening we went to Drury-Lane, where the actress, Jack's friend, was playing the principal part; and a more merry, light-hearted creature one never beheld upon the stage. I observed that Jack showed no sign of any acquaintance with her, but discussed her performance as a stranger might be expected to do, calling her pretty well as to looks, but then, she was painted up; while as for beauty, give him blue eyes and light hair, at which Castilla blushed. And so home by moonlight, when the watermen are mostly gone to bed, and the river is comparatively quiet. Castilla sat beside Jack in the boat, and I believe he held her hand.

And, on the day after the play, the Admiral was asked and gave his consent to his daughter's engagement with Jack. He gave it with a livelier satisfaction, he said, than he had felt in any previous event of his life. "Castilla," he said, "this is the greatest day of thy life. For thou art promised to the most gallant officer in the King's Navy. I say, to the bravest and the comeliest lad, and to the best heart, though he shirks the bottle and leaves me to finish it. If thou art not proud of him, thou art no daughter of mine."

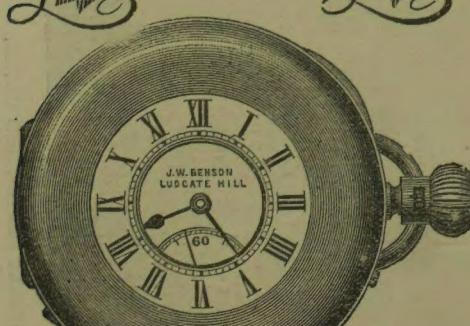
"Indeed, Sir," said Castilla, "I am very proud of him."

Jack threw his arms round her, and kissed her on both cheeks, and on the forehead, and on her lips.

I say no more. Castilla declares, now, that she never really loved him, though she confesses that she was carried away by so much passion and by her admiration of his bravery. Yet I know not. He was a masterful man, who compelled women to love him, and, as the actress said, he had a conquering way with him. I think that if events had turned out otherwise, Castilla would have become a loving, as well as an obedient, wife. But let that pass. They were engaged, and the club at the Sir John Falstaff had a roaring night, in which Mr. Brinjes heartily joined, because at his age 'twould have been a sin to suffer the fear of approaching disaster to stand between himself and a night of punch and singing and the telling of sea stories.

(To be continued.)

If self-restraint be an essential virtue in the conduct of life, it is also of no small value to an author who gains nothing by ill-considered and exaggerated statements. *The Problems of a Great City*, by Mr. Arnold White (Remington), would be more deserving of attention if the writer had avoided crude and somewhat coarse assertions. To read Mr. White's book, one would be inclined to think that the Christianity of London was a sham, and that the clergy of the Church of England, for whom he has scarcely a good word, from the first page to the last, were doing nothing to stem the tide of distress by which they are surrounded. He even goes so far as to say that, to a large degree, the responsibility for reckless marriages among the poor rests upon them, ignoring the fact that they have to choose between two evils. "As the rich grow richer, the poor get poorer" is an assertion which, in the face of statistics, Mr. White would find it difficult to prove; and he asks his readers to believe that British statesmen are "poor souls," and "but pith figures, dancing only when the electricity of public opinion energizes the cellulose of their puppet systems." And we venture to think the writer is equally at fault in saying that "we live in the golden age of whitewashed walls," for there never was a time in our history when there were such honest and persistent efforts made to grapple with social evils, when there was such active and wise charity, when there was so earnest a desire to break down as far as possible the barriers of class. In spite of much that is objectionable in the style of this volume, Mr. White writes with much practical knowledge on many subjects familiar to the social reformer. There is some truth in his remarks about the way in which poor foreigners are allowed to increase the struggle for existence in London; and much truth, though far from acceptable to some reformers, in what he says about adulteration and drink. We agree, also, with his opinion that there should be in London a general system of mortuaries. Truly does he point out that the Socialists take no count of the fact that much of the misery of London "arises from idleness, as well as from overwork; from too short hours, as well as from too prolonged a period of labour; from gluttony and guzzling, as well as from ascetic abstinence; from reckless unthrift, indulgence, profligacy, and dissipation."



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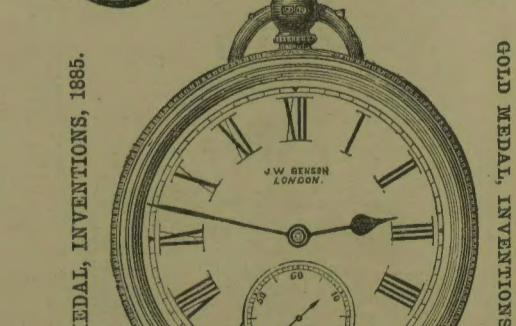
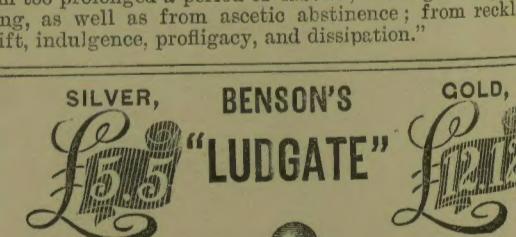
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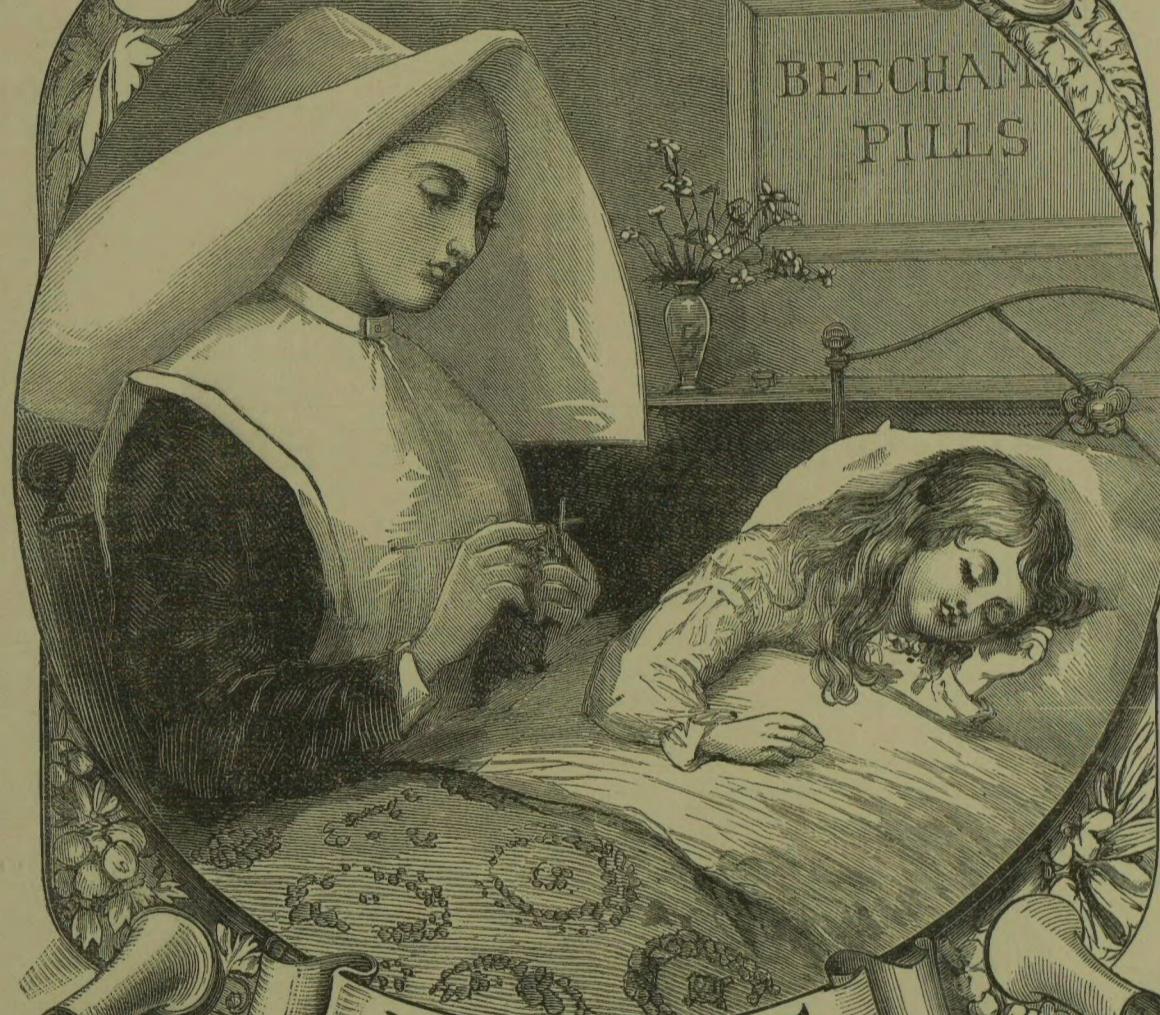
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